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LORD GREY AND AMERICA

BY FRANK DILNOT

WHEN one night some eight or nine years ago in a crowded House of Commons Lord Grey — Sir Edward, as he was then — outlined, with that steady glow of eloquence to which only the great subjects force him, the tremendous scheme of ordered coöperation between Britain and America, suggesting it as the salvation of the world against untold perils, there was no soul among us who heard that prophetic speech who dreamed that within a decade the speaker would go as envoy from Britain charged in general to effect at Washington those objects which he was then setting forth in thrilling fashion before the British Parliament. I forget the occasion of the speech, but the spirit and effect of it in a House set for drama remain with me perfectly clearly. 'It means an alliance with America,' said some who were present.

That was, perhaps, carrying the suggestion a little far. 'Alliance' is a hard and fast word. Neither then nor now would it be received with favor in America. But the main purposes to be carried out by an alliance — notably the peace of the world — were certainly indicated by Sir Edward Grey that night. The war has come and gone since then. Changes which will leave their mark for centuries have been brought about. The people of America and Britain, while not yet entirely at one, are closer than ever before. And the statesman who had the vision to perceive the future goes across the Atlantic accompanied by the fervent hopes of millions on both sides that the issue of his six months' visit will be the practical consolidation of impulses for unity which may mean so much not only for Anglo-Saxon peoples but peoples of all races.

I saw Sir Edward Grey when he was Foreign Secretary for five years from the Press Gallery during a troublous and eventful period in politics, and I have just returned from a two and a half years' residence in the United States, and I can thus fit him into his new framework. His recent trouble with his eyesight, of which we are all so happy to know there is some promise of amendment, has no doubt changed him somewhat. I shall always remember him as he was in the Commons, the upright, lean, athletic figure, famous on the tennis court, the raven hair, the classic face, the commanding poise,

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the deeply gentle voice, over all that repose which comes from a tranquil spirit aloof from pettiness or worldly ambition. He always wore black, token of a great personal loss early in his Ministerial career. He walked in leisurely fashion. He talked slowly.

He had not the passion which makes the popular leader. He was not fond of debate, avoiding speech rather than seeking it — and that notwithstanding the fact there was hardly a more effective speaker in Parliament. Oftentimes there was a faraway look in his face as he sat beside the Prime Minister on the Front Bench during the exciting episodes of the first Asquith Ministry. I cannot remember a single occasion when he has sought to score verbally off an opponent. Never did there come from him a crushing rejoinder to some obscure member who had asked some silly question. He moved in an atmosphere of courtesy. Yet I have seen him roused. Once when Mr. Asquith was shouted down by angered opponents there were fierce demands that some other Minister should take his place. Mr. Asquith had sunk to his seat pallid and humiliated. Sir Edward Grey, without a word to colleagues on right and left, promptly took command. There was silence as his tall figure rose to the table. Unusual color was in his face and his words dropped with a kind of hissing contempt. 'If our leader is not to be listened to there is not a man among us who will dream for one instant of taking his place.' Even opponents felt the effect of his flaming chivalry.

There was another occasion of a different kind. The Labor party, with some Liberals, opposed a Foreign Office vote because the King was going to meet the Tsar at Reval. It looked like a substantial muster of votes against the government. Sir Edward swiftly took entire responsibility. He insisted that the King should make the projected visit for many reasons. He turned to the Labor members, 'Carry your amendment and I shall no longer be Minister for Foreign Affairs.' That settled the matter. Later, at night, I was in the company of the Labor member who led the attack. 'Of all the Asquith Ministry, who do you think is the member whom I and most of my friends most admire and respect?' I suggested a name or two. 'No,' he said, 'it is Grey. He is a man. One can depend on him. He is a gentleman.' Such is the effect of character.

Lord Grey has no love for politics. He has taken part at Westminster because it has been his duty, even as he now goes to America as a duty. He loves the country. With rod and line on the banks of a stream on his Northumberland estate he is as nearly happy as man can be. Ambition touches him not. A clear night of stars, the cliff lands, and the breath of the North Sea — he would smile at the comparison of these with an exciting night at Westminster. An aristocrat by birth, a gentleman by nature, a democrat in the wider idealistic sense, how will such a man fit into that new strange world of things across the Atlantic? I can answer that right off. He is almost the perfect choice. His aloofness arises from sensitiveness, not from superciliousness. The American people know him. He will be among friends from the start. There will be certain difficulties for a man of his temperament, but they will be smoothed out; the Americans will themselves smooth them out.

I can testify from personal knowledge to the extraordinary esteem and respect felt for Lord Grey by leaders in both political camps. Even more important than this is the fact that the American public, save that section hopelessly prejudiced against Britain,

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regards him as a man of character and ideals, and a man who is not afraid. He will find this an enormous advantage, for, to be quite frank, America in her friendliest moments has a kind of feeling that British statesmen, especially those connected with our foreign affairs, conceal a Machiavellian cleverness beneath an assumption of unselfish honesty, not to say simplicity. It is quite a mistake to assume that America, speaking generally, underrates our leading statesmen; she frequently overrates them, and at the same time rather suspects them. There will be no mistake of that kind about Lord Grey.

Notwithstanding the various conditions in his favor, Lord Grey goes out to a heavy task. It was high time not only that an authoritative British voice should be heard in counsel at Washington, but that there should be a head centre of British interests in the New World. The position of an Ambassador at Washington is a unique one. To represent his country effectively he has to be far more than the exalted official dealing in secret conclave, and at frequent intervals entertaining and being entertained in the lavish style which ancient and modern custom demands. In so far as he stands out to the American people, as the typical representative of the country from whence he comes, to that extent he is successful as Ambassador. What may be called his popular influence is immensely greater than that of an ambassador to any other country. That is why it is inadvisable to send to America what may be called a promoted diplomat from some other embassy — a diplomat who may be profound and skillful in his special work, but lacking the wider qualifications necessary to make him understood by the people at large.

The British Ambassador at Washington must first of all be a man of achievement — a man of ideals without personal achievements would soon slip into comparative obscurity in America. He must not be exclusive, for exclusiveness is regarded not as a mark of dignity, but as a cover for lack of intellect, or laziness, or maybe, in the case of a foreign representative, for devious and dubious diplomatic courses. He must be prepared for all kinds of public gatherings, not necessarily to speak, but in order to mix with people. His speeches, when he makes them, do not have to be 'high-brow,' but of an informing tendency, with, if possible, a touch of lightness in them. (More noticeable in America than a sense of humor is an insatiable desire for information.) All this does not mean that an ambassador has to make himself cheap, only that he must enter the life of Americans as they live it. His reward will be great. His influence for his own country will be incalculable.

From one end of the country to the other I heard nothing but praise of Lord Bryce — even from some of those who were by no means cordial toward England. That arose not from the fact that Lord Bryce was a distinguished intellectual, but that, being a distinguished intellectual, he entered with happy zest into all things American. I met few who had read his *American Commonwealth*, but never a soul who did not speak enthusiastically about it. In the course of that ponderous volume one may find many traces of the hold Lord Bryce had on America. There was the case of the engine driver on the country tram by which the author once traveled. At some wayside stop Lord Bryce seems to have had a little stroll with the man, and to have derived some pieces of interesting information from him. The natural inclination was to give him a tip, but Lord Bryce pulled himself up

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in time and refrained. The driver would have been deeply offended had he been offered money, and tact made the man one of Lord Bryce's disciples from thence onward. Lord Reading described in my hearing how he was rather afraid of the American reporters on his first visit to America during the war. When they clustered round him on the steamer he was in a dilemma owing to the heavy responsibility of his mission. He took a chance. He told the newspaper men frankly that he had a lot of information he could give them which must not be published and some that could. He asked if they would respect his confidence if he put his cards on the table. They promised. He gave them a pretty complete explanation of how affairs stood. Not only did those newspaper men keep faith implicitly, but there was not one of them from that time onward who did not have a good word for the British Ambassador on all kinds of occasions. Lord Reading, like Lord Bryce, was a great success in America. His eminence in Britain helped him. But it would not have gone far if he had not been what the Americans call a 'mixer.' A British Ambassador must not only look after the interests of his country at the State Department, but must in his personality bring his country home to the American public. It is not really a hard task for the right man. Lord Grey will find that the people of the United States will receive him with open arms.

One of the great assets of Britain in America throughout the war was Lord Grey's struggle for peace before hostilities began. Americans are not a war-loving people. They hate the whole business of war — when they are in cold blood. German propaganda playing on ancient prejudices spread abroad the suggestion, widely accepted at first, that Britain had planned the war, and by subtle means had driven Europe into conflict in order to secure her own ends. Not for months was the truth properly brought home. Subsequently, with the wide publicity given to Lord Grey's dispatches and his public announcements, it was realized that Britain's Foreign Minister had not only not fomented war, but had striven with might and main to eliminate it. As the circles of information became wider and wider they broke down much prejudice. His words and actions contributed more, perhaps, than those of any one man to start that great new volume of feeling for Britain which marked the progress of the war.

Popular sentiment in America has receded somewhat from Britain in recent months (though it is even now immeasurably in advance of what it was before the war). A score of influences have contributed to this, perhaps the principal one being the Sinn Fein agitation, which even on our hosts of friends in America has left the impression that we are muddling the government of Ireland. So far as other matters are concerned a dozen different persons will give you a dozen different reasons, some of them contradicting each other. The reaction after brotherhood-in-arms is perhaps one of the general causes. There is, moreover, the League of Nations project, which, while I believe a large majority of Americans would support it, has roused violent opposition among leading Republicans, who hate President Wilson, and produced some eddies of opinion with regard to Britain. The shipping of the world, the trade supply of the world, are matters which, in view of the fact that America must now become, at least for a time, the principal supply depot for all countries, have aroused controversies and questions in which the British Empire is inevitably involved. Lord Grey's prestige as the

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recent head of the British Foreign Office will automatically produce a way out of many difficulties. Still more will be solved by the knowledge that he is a man of high scruple, seeking no unfair advantage for his own country. I attach more importance to this than to the fact that he will bring an unsurpassed knowledge of Foreign Office administration to bear at Washington. It will strengthen him that he has always been a strong advocate of Anglo-American coöperation.

It is good news for the British Empire that Lord Grey is going to America. He has a giant's task before him. I believe he has a better chance than any living Englishman of accomplishing it.

The Observer

THE IRISH QUESTION THROUGH FRENCH EYES

Mr. Lloyd George recently declared in the House of Commons that he soon intended to occupy himself with the Irish problem. Questioned by Sir Donald Maclean, leader of the liberal opposition, he replied, 'The government will surely submit certain propositions to Parliament at the earliest possible occasion.' Mr. Lloyd George, it is true, added that this occasion would present itself only at the opening of the autumnal session; nevertheless the Irish question has been put before the world, publicly and officially, by the British Government itself. There is no indiscretion, therefore, in commenting upon it.

In dealing with this subject, which we make no pretense of exhausting in a day, and whose developments we must follow successively, our goal is the true well-being of all concerned. After the war, as well as during it, France remains absolutely loyal to England, her ally of tragic days. On the other hand, after the war as well as during it, an instinctive and ancient sympathy unites Frenchmen and Irishmen. This sympathy has been lately stirred to deeper life by the coming of American soldiers to fight by our side, for many of these Americans were of Irish descent, and we know that the cause of Ireland has a large popular following in the United States. Simple spectators of Irish events, we wish in our hearts to see this long struggle which has lasted for seven centuries and a half, ended at last by the triumph of a new spirit, the spirit which should inspire the League of Nations.

From the legal point of view, the Irish problem to-day appears very clear. A law of 1914 arranged for autonomy, 'Home Rule,' in Ireland. This law is intended to go into effect, six months after the end of the war. It would seem at first that there was nothing to be done but to await the expiration of the legal period of delay, and then begin the test of the new régime. But because of financial reasons, this régime has lost its foundations, and because of political reasons no one will have anything to do with it. On the very eve of the war the Orangemen of Dublin were preparing an armed insurrection, so unwilling were they to accept the Home Rule government of Dublin. Since then, on Easter Monday, 1916, there has been a revolt at

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Dublin; the chiefs of the revolutionists rejecting Home Rule altogether, and demanding complete independence. The revolt was suppressed, but the suppression had its martyrs. At the elections of December last, it was seen that the Sinn Feiners, that is to say the partisans of an independent Irish Republic, had on their side the immense majority of the Irish people outside the unionist districts of Ulster. Again, all the unionists are not Orangemen *à l'outrance* in the manner of Sir Edward Carson; this was clearly seen three months ago when the Carsonist candidate was beaten in the East Antrim contest by a more moderate unionist.

It may be recalled that the Sinn Fein members of Parliament have refused to sit in the British House of Commons. They have formed at Dublin an organization which they consider the foundation of a democratic and independent government. But they have no material power at their disposition, for the British authorities have proceeded to the military occupation of Ireland and have applied martial law. Few notes on the working of the system of occupation have been published. Sir Arthur Steel-Mailland, once under-secretary for Foreign Affairs, said recently in the House of Commons, 'The veil should be lifted. We should know what is taking place at our doors.' The British Government, however, has not yet responded to this appeal, and since 'the veil' has not been lifted, it is difficult to deliver an impartial judgment on the internal condition of Ireland. A lucid review of the history of Irish affairs during recent years may be found in M. Louis Tréguiz's book *Ireland in the Universal Crisis*. Let us allow him to explain the past, reserving for the instant our views on the present and the future.

For some time it has been customary to regard the Irish question as largely a religious one. It was said that the partisans of Irish autonomy or independence were, in general, Catholics, and that all the Protestants wished to maintain the union. This very summary distinction should be set aside, for it by no means conforms to the reality. Among the most intransigeant champions of Irish independence are emphatic Protestants. The heart of the Irish question is that it is above all a question of nationality, of race, even the Celtic race. Professor Erin MacNeile, described as 'a true Ulster Scot,' writing in the *League of Nations Journal* for June last, prints these words — 'We of Ireland have only the power of being faithful. Even were we to judge the present by the past, this, indeed, is the worst thing that can possibly happen to us, to be the only nation of the white race, governed against its will by the government of another people. This state of things cannot last.'

How, then, can such a state of things be brought to an end? In the absence of all sign from the government, our colleague of the *Times* has had the merit of seeking and proposing a solution. He expected it to be criticized on every hand, as it was. But he also hoped that his scheme might be a foundation, or a pretext even, for some move of the government's, and this expectation has not been realized. In his recent declarations, Mr. Lloyd George contented himself with saying that he had kept watch on the effect produced by the *Times* proposals. 'I have observed the result. This programme is one which all the Irish parties have been unanimous in condemning. Such is the experience of everyone who brings forward a programme.'

According to these words, it seems

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as if the British Government had abandoned hope of finding an amiable equilibrium between the claims of the Irish republicans, the resistances of the Ulster Unionists, and the interests of England. That is why of all the schemes so far advanced barely two remain.

The first of these is the work of Major Erskine Childers, an Irish Protestant who distinguished himself during the war. This scheme would withdraw all the British troops from Ireland, would guarantee that troops should not be used in part of Ireland to sustain any faction of government, and would organize a referendum by which the Irish people should with full liberty of action pronounce on the form of government they preferred. Assuredly this referendum would not suppress all the difficulties. No matter what scheme carried the day, no matter what the nature of the majority behind it, dissidents would always remain, and it is the existence of these very dissidents which, up to our own days, in appearance at least, has constituted the principal obstacle to solutions of the Irish problem. Nevertheless, one may answer, by such a referendum a double progress may be accomplished. First of all, one could have under one's eyes, a regular and complete expression of the wishes of the Irish. Moreover, all intervention of the British army being counted out, votes for or against the union cannot be written down as due to considerations alien to the proper interest of Irish citizens.

In an article which the *Nineteenth Century and After* has recently published, Lord Dunraven comes out squarely against the project which we have just examined. He advises the transformation of the United Kingdom into a federal union, and would make Ireland one of the federated states. As this solution nowhere comes up to the claims of the Sinn Feiners, it can be safely prophesied that the proposition will be rejected by a large majority of the Irish. Lord Dunraven is prepared for such a contingency and adds, 'In the event of rejection, what is to be done? In my opinion Ireland should be administered under the new constitutional statute and according to its conditions, substituting nomination for election until the people take it over as a representative system. The Crown can by its deputy summon whom it will to councils of the type existing in India and many of the Crown Colonies.'

Such are the two possibilities in the foreground. The other day Mr. Lloyd George seemed to favor the second, to prepare a scheme for Ireland, and if Ireland rejects it, to take the responsibility of its application.

Le Temps

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SOME PROBLEMS OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN COÖPERATION

BY A. F. WHYTE

Good relations between Great Britain and America are one of the hinges of peace, and like all hinges they must be well made and well oiled. The reasons for this state of affairs are so plain that they need no elaborate exposition. The war has eliminated three of the so-called Great Powers for all practical purposes; it has gravely impaired the strength of two others, leaving only three capable of playing a decisive part in the world's affairs during the next ten years. Two of these — the United States and Japan — lie outside Europe; the third — the British Commonwealth — is the only European state which by reason of its intrinsic power and its vigorous Dominions overseas can take any immediate and effective share in high politics. Of the three, Great Britain is the hardest hit by the war, though much less seriously hurt than most of her continental neighbors; but (because of her wise economic policy, which some headstrong 'business politicians' hope to reverse) she is capable of a rapid industrial recovery if only all classes will coöperate to produce wealth as quickly and efficiently as possible. I recognize, as everyone must, that the immediate signs of the times are not very favorable to that coöperation; but I assume confidently that the innate 'horse sense' of the British people will rescue it from the perils that now beset it. Whatever the outcome of our present discontents may be, our responsibilities, liabilities, and relative influence in the world are greater than they ever were before; and since they lie in large part in or around the Western hemisphere it is obvious that our interest in the great land-block which divides the Pacific from the Atlantic Ocean can never be slight and will probably grow as the years pass. We do not suggest thereby that British policy should be deflected from its appointed course by the magnet of our interest in America. Far from it; but I believe that we shall more and more find that our true interest and the American magnet draw us in the same direction.

The word 'interest' raises an important point. Anglo-American relations are suffering from the turgid generalities of sentimentalists who persist in proclaiming the amiable untruth that in politics blood is thicker than water. Blood is not thicker than water unless the blood relations cherish common ideals and serve a common purpose. It is, therefore, the duty of Anglo-American propagandists to stop paying one another the easy compliments that are born of the innocuous inebriation of the political banquet and to set to work to show that Britain and America draw their political inspiration from the same sources, act in practice on the same political assumptions, and pursue political paths in foreign policy which, though not identical, are closely parallel. I hope, then, that we have come to an end of the empty generalities of the Anglo-American situation and are about to enter upon a sincere exploration of the new political world which lies open be-

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fore us. Only by this means is it possible to disentangle the essentials of British and American policy from the prevalent vague expressions of good will and to find the greatest common measure of agreement between them.

Let us first put all economic questions on one side. Trade rivalry may make bad blood between individual traders, but it need not disturb good relations between nations, unless the governments concerned push the German doctrines in diplomacy and commerce to extremes. If modern governments, outdoing Don Pacifico Palmerston, were to entangle their respective states officially in the keen commercial rivalry of to-day there would be serious danger of political collisions between them. It is not in that sphere that the seeds of Anglo-Saxon trouble lie; and the Germans never erred farther from the truth than when they declared that we had gone to war with them out of trade jealousy. Indeed, what we have to seek to-day is first of all the reasons why America and Great Britain ought to act together and, having found them, to explore the causes of estrangement thereafter. Epigrammatically put, it is more important in the long run for the British and American peoples to understand why fate has yoked them in double harness for politics in the Western hemisphere than for them to see eye to eye in the Irish question. This implies no minimizing of the urgency of an Irish settlement, both on its own merits and as a factor in Anglo-American relations; but it does imply a reciprocal recognition of the fact that in the politics of the Pacific — in China, the Pacific Archipelagoes, Pacific communications, Japan, etc. — the British Commonwealth and America will coöperate on equal terms and, therefore, must know one another; whereas, in Ireland Great Britain is the actor and America inevitably nothing more than the keenly interested and sometimes clamorous spectator.

Once this is recognized, the next step is to get a clear idea of the factors which will dominate the Anglo-American future. The first and greatest is the sea. Great Britain and America are islands. It was no accident that Germany employed the doctrine of the 'Freedom of the Seas' in order to inflame American sentiment against Great Britain during the period of American neutrality. It was a doctrine which appealed to all neutrals and especially to a great neutral like the United States, whose sole means of communication with other lands was marine transport. The mere sound of the words arrested attention. To the incautious mind they conveyed the conception of a new, generous, international policy under which the horrors of war would be greatly mitigated for the non-combatant civilian populations and all high-handed interference with harmless and kindly neutrals would cease. But, in essence, this 'freedom' is a device to enable any great military Power to pursue its own policy on land immune from the interference of sea power: Stated thus, no American will dispute the validity of the British rejection of the German plea; and every American who has given thought to the matter probably understands by this time that the defense of an island state which has great overseas responsibilities implies great naval power. The late Cecil Chesterton, in his vivid little sketch of American history, pointed out that naval supremacy is as vital to the British Commonwealth as the Monroe Doctrine to the United States.

The Monroe Doctrine itself is the second factor in which the British and American peoples have a common,

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though unequal, interest. It is no part of the present argument to inquire into the evolution of this doctrine in recent times; it will suffice to note that Canada stands as the principal pledge of the British Commonwealth's respect for the fundamental thesis of the policy of the United States on the American continent. If British national life depends on the British Fleet, American security rests upon the Monroe Doctrine. There is here an obvious motive for a common understanding for the preservation of the *status quo*. As regards the League of Nations, we must make it quite clear, not only to our enemies, but to all concerned, and especially to neutrals who unquestionably suffered through our exercise of naval power in the war, that we cannot relinquish one ship or coaling station except to a League established as the effective agent of the general will. Similarly the United States must claim and exercise the right to maintain the continental security of America until a valid international and supra-national authority arises to guarantee the security of all peoples and continents. The world has taken a first step toward that goal and will, we hope, move resolutely forward; but meanwhile the plea for reciprocal recognition of American and British rights and duties is the most cogent argument for international peace. It is true that Europe has hitherto been the principal scene of war and that its present condition is not favorable to lasting peace. It is also true that European peace is Britain's greatest interest; but one of the effects of the war has been to increase the importance of the hemisphere of which America is the centre and the Far East the agitated fringe. Therefore, we must give the Pacific Ocean a much larger place than hitherto in the development of British foreign policy.

The Pacific literally teems with problems. It is an ocean surrounded by countries whose development in the twentieth century promises to rival European progress in the nineteenth. Canada, the United States, and South America have still far to go before they will have fully exploited their own vast resources; the possibilities of trade with the islands of the Pacific are great; Australia and New Zealand throb with expansive vitality; China is, perhaps, the greatest reservoir of undeveloped power in the world; Siberia is the Canada of Asia; and Japan occupies an economic and strategic position in the Far East comparable to the European situation of Great Britain. The economic development of this gigantic region will proceed with great rapidity once the aftermath of war is past, and it will bring great political problems in its train which must vitally affect the relations of America and Great Britain. Already the Shantung problem has given warning of the dangers which will lurk in Far Eastern politics, and tends to put Anglo-Saxon opinion on its guard against Japanese ambitions; and it is still too early to say whether a democratic movement in Japanese domestic politics may not ease the situation and pave the way for better relations between China and Japan. At present China has a clear moral right to expect support both from America and from Great Britain, and if this support is given we are not likely to have reason to regret it; but whatever happens the Anglo-Saxon democracies have certain common interests which seem to invite coöperation in the Far East. Neither seeks territory; both possess territories which require protection; both are vitally interested in the 'open door'; both are morally bound to protect the integrity of China. Narrowing the outlook a little, we find

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that Canada, the United States, and Australia have an identical concern in the problem of colored immigration, and that in a hundred lesser ways the lines of national interest in Pacific affairs tend to coincide. Within the region mapped out above there is ample room for the expansion of the trade of all concerned and a lively commercial rivalry could proceed without disturbing political coöperation.

The advantages of such coöperation, which need not take the form of an entangling alliance, are too obvious to be recited; the obstacles to it are equally obvious and must be dealt with. The fact that the average American and the average Britisher tend to knock one another's funny bones now and then is irrelevant, though it is just the kind of plea which is used by the wrecking demagogue. We may as well recognize at once that personal questions will be exploited against political policies and that the 'Englishman's arrogance' will play a part in distracting attention from the main issue. A campaign is already on foot in the United States to rally all the elements hostile to England in an effort to prevent an understanding between the two nations. It exploits every feature of the British character and of British policy which is in any way open to criticism and has naturally played the Irish card for all it is worth during the past few months. Without Ireland the anti-British forces in America would be harmless; until Irish peace is achieved they will grow in power. It is, therefore, a matter of the most vital moment for the future of Anglo-American relations that the Irish question should be finally solved. India and Egypt are lesser issues of the same kind, and the more America knows of our Montagu-Chelmsford policy in India the better; but the essential point to observe here is that more can be done to win American good will by statesmanship in Downing Street than by propaganda in the United States. An Irish settlement, urgently needed for its own sake, will be its own propaganda in America; and the most that immediate publicity can do over there is to show how anxiously British opinion desires a settlement and how the course of recent events has tended to transfer the centre of the Irish difficulty from the English to the Irish side of St. George's Channel.

The term 'Anglo-Saxon' is to be understood in a political sense denoting membership of a great group of politically-minded people whose conception of government is the same. Their attitude to all public questions is prompted by their independence of 'government.' They owe but little of their position in the world to 'government,' much to their individual strength and self-reliance. The British Empire is the creation of the British character, not of any British Government, and the American Union was born as a protest against government from without. This fundamental unity of political temper is a powerful bond between the two peoples: it gives them a similar outlook upon politics; and, though their forms of democracy are different, the democratic spirit is the same. Thus, while the two governments might be at variance, the nations themselves ought to be able to appreciate the mutual advantage of close coöperation. Despite all that has been done and said during the last hundred and fifty years to keep them apart, their great political heritage stands as proof of a common lineage; and, when the estranging influence of the Irish question has been removed, they should regain their lost harmony in a new partnership in the common tasks of civilization.

The New Europe

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THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING PREJUDICED

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

In the newspapers, and in all common argument and opinion, there is, perhaps, no mental state so belittled and despised as that known as prejudice. To say 'he is prejudiced' is enough to condemn any man; some people grow violent even in their denunciation of prejudiced persons. By far the majority of these objectors, however, pronounce their ban in a curt word or so, dismissing it with a superior air befitting a conclusion which has invincible logic on its side. Now I am inclined to look with suspicion upon all objections to the failings of others, and I do so because I find we are only too ready to blame in another those weaknesses which we secretly cherish in ourselves. For instance, what we call meanness in others we call carefulness, economy, thrift, and other high-sounding names in ourselves. It has occurred to me, therefore, that the same fate may have happened to this maligned thing, prejudice. It is a curious fact that people are always surprised at the existence of prejudice; they seem amazed that anyone should be so foolish as to be prejudiced. Nevertheless, the habit is so universal that if it had been fundamentally evil, society and all its institutions ought to have been wrecked many years ago. For are not all men prejudiced about something?

Some of the world's greatest men have been prejudiced about most things; and all women make a specialty of prejudices — that is one reason why women are so delightful and so exasperating. But let us consider for a moment the mechanism of this disreputable thing. We say that a man is prejudiced when he is not open to reason. And so he is. But is that wrong? When you jump into a river to save a drowning child, you do not reason about your action. If you did you would leave the child to its fate. There is every reason why you should. You have a wife and children of your own, you have a business dependent upon you, you are subject to rheumatism and to chills, and you cannot swim. These are all excellent reasons for keeping on dry land and endeavoring to fish the child out with a boat hook. But you throw reason to the winds, and jump into the water because you are prejudiced in favor of saving life at any cost, even at the cost of your own life and the happiness of those who have showered their love upon you.

But it is not my desire to prove that prejudice is always right, nor yet to beg the question by saying that it is not always wrong. Prejudice, like everything else, can be both right and wrong, and it can be both at the same time according to the prejudices of the onlookers. But I do assert unhesitatingly that prejudice has more chances of being right than mere display of reason. My reason for saying so, and I admit it is unreasonable of me to be so reasonable in the circumstances, is that prejudice is more apt to be in touch with those master-instincts which are the basis of life. It has the spontaneity of vitality. Look at the animals. Do they reason about things? Not a bit of it. They just act from prejudice and chance their luck; and this habit does not seem to have interfered with their evolution. When the first animal took it into its head to be reasonable it became a human being, and its descendants seem to have devoted the rest of the time to quarreling with the prejudices of others, while clinging valiantly to their own. This is the point where Nature asserts herself in

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the complex artificiality of civilization. She sees that the spontaneous, the instinctive, the irrational things survive, and in our own moments of wisdom we agree with her by calling our prejudices intuition and faith. If you go among rationalists — that is people who have a conscientious and reasonable objection to faith in anything — you will find that they pronounce faith as among the unpardonable prejudices. They are quite right in doing so, but they are quite wrong in believing that it settles the question. It does nothing of the sort; and reason ought to have taught them that the bad name that hangs a dog one day may save a dog the next. So it is with prejudice.

In a convincing proportion of cases our attacks upon prejudice are simply attacks upon reason. For no matter how reasonable a man may be in defense of his whims or beliefs or preferences, if he is proof against your own reason you conclude that he is prejudiced. In doing so, you overlook the important fact that you have been arguing with him in the hope of converting him to your own point of view. But it does not matter, because when you call him prejudiced he returns the compliment. I suppose the common sense of the business is that what we do resent is insistence upon a conclusion which can be proved up to the hilt, but which we still know to be wrong. That is the thing we usually denounce under the name of prejudice. But that thing is not prejudice at all. It is logic. Most of the abominable things in the world have been done in its name. There was nothing more rational than the Spanish Inquisition or Prussian militarism. Their upholders could prove reasonableness up to the last turn of the thumbscrew and the last goose step, but all their logic cannot intimidate the universal prejudice that their acts were cruel, brutal, and brutalizing. Cruelty may be logically necessary, but it can never be humanly right.

Nothing was so remarkable in the eruption of vituperation born with the war, and nothing did so much to make the tragic catastrophe popular among all combatants, than the charges brought by one nation against another. We, and the French, denounced the Germans as barbarians, and they returned the compliment by yelling 'mercenary' at us and 'degenerate' at our co-partners in the contest across the Straits of Dover. We were all very logical and very wrong. There is much that is barbarous in your German, but his barbaric gifts did not make the war. There are many degenerates in France, almost as many as there are in England, but the French are overwhelmingly sane and healthy as a nation and even more far-seeing and calculating than the Germans. And as for ourselves, the charge of mercenariness misses our national characteristic with customary German obtuseness, not because we are not mercenary — we share that quality with the civilization which exalts money as the symbol of value and test of joy — but because in the last resort we as a nation are moved by sentiment and prejudice more than by any other thing. The difference between ourselves and the Germans is that we felt about the war and were right, and that they reasoned about the war and were wrong. We had an inborn and instinctive prejudice against militarism — Germany had a cultured and logically evolved conviction that militarism would make them the inheritors and rulers of Europe. Fortunately for Europe and the world, Britain's stalwart prejudices stood as bulwarks against that sort of thing.

Shakespeare may have had many reasons for writing *Hamlet*, but one of

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them must have been a desire to prove that if the Prince of Denmark had not been so reasonable all would have been well, and we should have been spared that carnival of death in the last act. It was Hamlet's capacity for thinking himself out of his instinctive preferences that made the great tragedy possible. And this same cause is behind half the tragedies of our daily lives; it is behind the tragedy of dullness. Just imagine a world that was not afraid of its prejudices, in which people followed their whims instead of their reasons. What variety we should have, what unimaginable interest in life, what undreamed-of battles! For it is not peace we want in this world, but variety of contest. We want the sword, but not the sword of steel, excellent as that is. We want swords of wit and wisdom and imagination. And we want the sword of faith — no matter in what cause. Good faith justifies any cause. And to get these we must never be ashamed of our prejudices. Indeed, when all is said and done, and the last argument sent to limbo, the predestined home of all arguments, prejudice will be found laughing over the intellectual ruins — for prejudice is life.

To-day

A CONNEMARA DINNER

BY PAUL HENRY

A SEARCHING east wind blew across the barren shoulders of the mountains from a ragged, gray sky, and the mist that swathed their tops stretched tremulous fringes toward the valley. The long, curving lines of the mountains suggested the great bulging muscles, the huge brown back and flanks of a reclining monster. High up on one of the shoulders — a purple scar on the brown hide — lay the bog where the turf was cut and dried, and from where it had to be carried in creels on the women's backs to the village by the white-edged sea.

A solitary turf cutter was mechanically throwing up lump after lump of the rich purple turf, his white bawneen blowing over his head as he drove his spade into the soft bog with a grunt. His ragged trousers flapped against his thin legs, which were sunk above his boots in the wet and sticky bog.

The only sounds were the sough of the winds over the brown grass, the soft fall of the turf as it fell in irregular heaps, and, now and then, the harsh, discontented cry of a raven.

For hours the little oblong blocks of soft turf had thudded regularly beside the digger, and only twice had he stopped his monotonous work — once to look up to where the mists raced past, blotting out the sky, and once toward the village far below, where spring had already flushed the sally roads with pink.

The wind shifted a little to the south. A long wisp of mist crept down the mountain and swathed the digger in its folds, deadening the sounds of the falling sods. At times, as the south wind grew stronger, the far-off grumbling thunder of the surf could be heard echoing from the banks of mist.

From one of the little whitewashed and thatched cottages in the village came a woman, red-petticoated and beshawled, who thrust into her bosom and buttoned in with big mother-o'-pearl buttons a pint bottle of warm tea. Under her shawl she carried, tied up in a handkerchief, several large pieces of hot, freshly-baked soda bread. An empty creel was slung on her back. Her heavy boots made a noisy and capable clatter on the rude flags before the door as she started up the rough track which led to the mountain past the little field surrounded by rude stone walls.

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Several times she stopped in her ascent to gaze over the village to the sea, and her eyes were filled with the dreamy languorous yearning of those who look much across the restless water and live beside its white and troubled edge.

After twenty minutes' climbing she reached the plateau where the turf was being cut not far from the solitary worker, and squatted down on a mound of heather. In a minute or two, without any sign from the woman, the man suddenly turned his head sideways and saw her. Though his loy was half sunk for another turf, he did not stop to finish the cut but, leaving the spade standing upright in the bog, walked stolidly to where the woman sat. As he came toward her she unbuttoned her bodice, took the bottle from her bosom, and laid it beside the bundle done up in the handkerchief.

Without a word the man sank down on the other side of the hummock with his back to the woman, drew a wad of paper from the bottle with his teeth, and greedily gulped a few mouthfuls of the tea. Untying the knotted ends of the handkerchief he took out the lumps of bread still steaming from the pot-oven, and bit into them with his strong, white teeth. The woman sat with her two large hands, palms upward, in her lap, looking out with dull inscrutable eyes to the dim horizon.

A few minutes were sufficient for the scanty meal, and, still chewing, the man took from his waistcoat pocket a little, black, clay pipe and one match, and striking the match carefully and sharply on the bowl of the pipe puffed greedily. Getting up, he walked slowly back to the bog, and putting his pipe into his pocket began again to throw up the clumps of turf.

Hearing the sound of the spade striking against a stone, the woman seemed to awake from a dream. Seeing that the meal was over she walked to a stack of dry turf and began to fill her creel, packing the sods very carefully so that the basket would be well filled. The bottle and the handkerchief she placed on top of the turf.

The long ribbons of mist were creeping lower, and had reached the plateau where the woman stood. Looking up, she could just make out the figure of the man very dim and hazy. Far below she could see the village plainly, and the white road that crept round the shore to the next village. A little cluster of black dots slowly moving on the road beyond the village she recognized as the children coming home from school. She stooped low and, slipping the ropes over her shoulders, rose up with the creel on her back. Bowed down with the heavy load, she began the descent to the village.

A part of the mist seemed to come away with her as she stepped into the clearer air — it looked almost as if it were following her. Several times she stopped to rest, and as she peered back the mist seemed still to be creeping down after her. Near home by the little fields she stopped for the last time and stared uphill. There was nothing to be seen but the sway and eddy of the mist.

The Irish Statesman

REVOLUTIONARY MESSIANISM

BY J. H. ROSNY

THE revolutionary spirit much resembles the Messianic gospel. In both cases we are dealing with a mysticism which has for its end the sudden deliverance of the world. For the preacher of Messianism, a man or a god is to come who will deliver men from their ancient sufferings; for the revolutionist, a violent social upheaval is to establish justice and well-being on

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earth. History shows us an infinite number of revolutions which, alas, have ended only in bloody hecatombs and fatal reactions. The most illustrious of revolutions, the one which most closely conformed to the creative reality, that of 1789–1793, after having devoured the life of several of its most brilliant protagonists, pitilessly put to death by their brothers, culminated in the abominable Directory, the tyranny of Napoleon and the return of the so-called legitimate kings. Whosoever would have dared to predict such results would have been swiftly sent to the guillotine. Nevertheless, all stood prepared for a new order of society; the commercial and industrial richness of the nation had for a long time centred in the hands of the third estate. It was the mysticism of it which lost all, that certainty which possessed so many unquiet spirits who believed that in their keeping lay the essential verity which was to end the sorrows of mankind.

I remember receiving, at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, a letter from an excellent Russian refugee. He wrote, 'The Russian Revolution will not commit any of the errors of the French. It will benefit by the experience of centuries. It will be gentle and humane, will not spill blood and shall triumph by the force of ideas alone.'

Kerensky was then in power. Since then blood has flowed in lakes, hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children have died of hunger, millions have succumbed to privations, industry is ruined and agriculture bloodless. And so it goes.

According to the revolutionist, since the fabric of society is the work of certain wicked elements who have conspired against justice, it is quite possible to build a new society as casually as one builds a new table or a machine. The revolutionary type, which is often very intelligent but possesses no psychological instinct whatsoever, is so certain of possessing the truth that it cannot conceive how this truth does not dazzle all its contemporaries. The revolutionist forgets that societies are painfully put together in the dark, in the strife of conflicting interests, opposing mentalities, and changing manners and customs; he fails to take account of the egoism, the ferocity, the iniquity, the jealousy, and the cupidity that are all so human, or if he does take account of them, it is for the purpose of imposing by brutality what he cannot win by justice. The revolutionist, in short, sees only his ideas and imagines that with ideas one can seduce or master the formidable human animal. He has no sense of development; he neglects that long and painful period of growth which made the man of the stone-age caverns into the modern European. Thus the purer the revolutionist, the more dangerous is he. He is a child running about with a parcel of explosive powerful enough to destroy a city.

Let us not confound him with the provocator, the inciter. The revolutionist type may be a hero, an excellent person, as also he may take pleasure in naïve cruelty, St. Just, for example. Sometimes the inciter is such a man. More frequently, however, the inciter is only an ambitious vulgarian who sacrifices everything to his passion for mastery. I have known many revolutionists, and I have had for some of them very real sympathies. These sympathies rarely extended themselves to the inciters.

The period through which we are passing is one very favorable to revolutionary mysticism. The war has developed a profound discontent, aggravated by the dearth of products, the high cost of living, and the odious

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speculations of certain profiteers. The spirit of profiteering, alas, has poisoned many merchants who till these days conducted an honest business. Nothing is more necessary than that an end should be made to this scandal. Every fresh fortune makes new converts not only to the normal revolutionary instinct, but also to savage and despotic Bolshevism, the very negation of the French spirit. Let us hope that the government will really act and chase the speculators not only from the towns but also from the villages.

La Dépêche de Toulouse

THE PASSING OF ERNST HAECKEL

BY A FORMER PUPIL

For many years Haeckel's name has been one of the most familiar of red rags, and we cannot wonder. An aggressive and somewhat superficial critic of Christianity, the exponent of a modernized form of a very antique philosophy (hylozoic monism) the difficulties of which he never seemed to realize, and a ruthless scoffer at possibilities 'that thoughts do but tenderly touch,' the biologist of Jena was no favorite with the idealistically minded. And did he not crown his misdeeds by subscribing to the infamous manifesto issued by ninety-three German professors in October, 1914? As we have neither any bias toward materialistic philosophy nor any desire to whiten the sepulchres of Huns, we are the more at liberty to pay decorous tribute to one who was not only great, but singularly lovable. Haeckel was at his zenith when we went to Jena in the early 'eighties; he was just 'flitting' from his old quarters adjoining the Botanical Garden to the new Institute at the other end of the town on the slope overlooking the Saale and the shady walk called 'Paradies'; and he allowed us to help him in packing and in carrying some particularly valuable treasures from one building to another. His enthusiasm for beautiful things was unusually strong even for a naturalist, and we did not wonder when he told us that his early ambition was to become a painter. The beauty of his draughtsmanship is conspicuous in his zoological monographs, and we have never ceased to envy his blackboard sketches, which it seemed so wasteful to wipe out. A few times before the session began, when we had to subside into our fit and proper place as student, Haeckel took us of an evening to one or other of his favorite viewpoints on the quaint hills round the town, and would expatiate on the beauty of the scenery. He was very handsome at that time, and his love of Nature was passionate. Theoretically, materialistic perhaps; practically, certainly not; and even in regard to his theory it must be remembered that everything — animate and inanimate — was to Haeckel 'ensouled.' His lectures at that time were perfervid, very rapid, scintillating — we always thought of a mountain stream; and he had an ingenious way of gradually replacing the diagrams on the wall so that from day to day as the story of evolution was continued the pageant kept pace with it. He was, no doubt, an impetuous evolutionist, too sure about his genealogical trees, too sure that the formulation which he had reached in his *General Morphology* in 1866 was complete; but he certainly made his students feel the reality and the grandeur of the great process of becoming. We were young and fanciful in those days, but we used to think sometimes that there was in that classroom the sound of a great and strong wind. We had heard great teachers lecture about evolution, but now we felt what evo-

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lution meant. And that was one of Haeckel's great services to his age, both in his lectures and in his *Natural History of Creation* and other popular works.

One day we spoke to the old janitor about the professor's popularity, and were rather startled when he said grimly: 'Yes, but I have seen him stoned down that street there.' For are we not apt to forget, when the evolution idea has become part of our intellectual furniture, that it had to be championed and fought for, and that Haeckel was one of the protagonists. At a time when Darwin's doctrine was young and unpopular, Haeckel saw the truth of it and stood for it with all his strength. It is said, we know not with how much truth, that at one great assembly of naturalists before 1866 the audience rose up and left Haeckel to expound his 'Darwinismus' to an emptied room. In thinking of Haeckel's aggressiveness we are apt to forget his courage. His philosophical outlook may have been all wrong, and we suspect that it was a very thin philosophy from first to last, and his attitude to men and movements on the side of the angels may have been regrettable and mischievous, but we should bear in mind how much Haeckel *cared*. He was no 'light half-believer in a casual creed'; he was a passionate monist. We remember attending a Luther Fest that year, and, in our pride for our teacher, thinking Haeckel's the speech of the evening; and what was there in common between Luther and Haeckel but a passion for veracity as it seemed to each, and a passion to expose shams and superstitions, no matter who might be hurt in the process? At that time Haeckel was working very hard on one of his *Challenger* reports, but we think he never once omitted his daily visit to the corner of the laboratory in which we were working, and we hear still his friendly '*Nun, wie geht's.*' As a stunt we were then translating into German Patrick Geddes's *Encyclopædia Britannica* article 'Morphology,' and we shall never forget Haeckel's good-natured but twinkling complicity in that egregious performance. The announcement of his death in the papers the other day set us thinking about him again, and in spite of all — a tragic all — the old affection came back and a new riddle with it. Anti-Christian and anti-idealist, too impetuous even in his science to be an altogether safe guide, Haeckel did a great work in his day and generation in making the evolution idea current intellectual coin and in championing freedom of mind and of speech. It was characteristic of the man to hold a class of Practical Zoology on Sunday forenoons, and we fancy that he often 'dared himself' to be nonconformist. There was a passionate convincedness about him that made him unnecessarily aggressive, but if any man was better than his creed it was Haeckel. He was a wholesome man, loving the beautiful, worshiping Nature (*Natura sive Deus*, to him), with Goethe for Bible, and very genial and unselfishly helpful to his fellow men. A good hater, of course, but a man to love, and although the new riddle is how he could sign that manifesto and express himself as he did about our country, in which he was no stranger, we could not keep silence when we heard that he was dead.

The New Statesman

THE EMIGRANTS

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

I NOTICED them waiting for the train, as I loitered on the platform, waiting for it too. She sat at the end of the seat: a plain, pleasant-featured

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woman of thirty, rather too faded and patient looking, perhaps, and with a redness about her eyes, as if she were tired, or troubled. The man sitting next to her was a few years older, slight, bright-eyed, but curiously apathetic; a sandy, meek, subservient sort of man, with a neat moustache, a watchful, unobtrusive air, and the figure of a boy; a grocer's assistant probably, or a small shopkeeper. The third of the party was a young fellow of twenty, restless, voluble, apparently high-spirited; and from his likeness to the woman I put him down as a younger brother of hers. He sprang up every other minute to check his watch against the station clock; he talked incessantly, with a self-conscious facetiousness; evidently the wit of his circle, in ordinary circumstances, and keen on living up to his character. Now and then the woman answered him, as if with an effort, and laughed; but the little man, her husband, remained stolidly unresponsive. Each was cumbered with parcels, and a monster traveling trunk billowed at their feet.

When the train came, they followed into the same carriage with me, and as the big trunk was heaved in I saw on the end of it the elaborate label of a Canadian shipping company, and on the side a smaller label with 'Settlers' Luggage' on it in large letters. Then I knew they were emigrants, and became interested in them. They were going from a little town some twenty miles outside London, and I decided that the elder man had failed in business, or been long out of employment. He sat staring straight before him, and took no last looks at the fields and homely clusters of houses that cinematographed past the windows; he seemed numbed by this uprooting of himself, or indifferent, or relieved that he was quitting forever a place where he had suffered too much of poverty and anxiety.

'Hullo!' the younger man ejaculated a minute after we had started; 'this here label's coming off.'

'Wet it with your finger,' said the woman dully. 'It's the gum.'

He slapped his finger noisily on his tongue, and moistened the back of the loose label with burlesque energy:

> 'Don't forget the twiddly bit;
> Straighten out the middly bit!'

he guffawed, and the woman gave a short, shrill laugh; the elder man wreathed his lips in a momentary, mirthless smile; and the humorist, thus encouraged, went on to babble foolishly gay things about persons who were doubtless common friends of the three, cracking the inanest of inane jokes without scoring any further successes.

They glanced casually toward the window as we stopped at the next station, and gathered their parcels together to make room when three or four strangers filtered in and filled the carriage. As we swept into the second station there were four girls eagerly on the watch; they caught sight of the woman, who sat by the window opposite me, ran to keep pace with us, and slowed, as we slowed, to a standstill — bright, well-dressed, good-looking girls, who nodded and smiled and waved their hands, and came chattering and laughing to the door. The two men kept their seats, but the woman rose and leaned out, and one after the other they kissed her.

'Now, mind you write! Hope you have a nice voyage. Send us a picture post card!' There was something heartening in the chorus of fresh young girlish voices; then abruptly a change flashed over the eager, laughing girl who was nearest — it was as if a mask had slipped suddenly from her face, and showed it a piteously distorted

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visage of tragedy, the lips a-quiver, the eyes darkened — and I turned quickly aside, but could hear a thin, broken voice that was full of tears: 'Oh, I wish you were not going! It seems such a long way. You will write?'

The woman remained leaning out, but said nothing.

'Why — here!' the humorist broke in raucously. 'Now, then! Don't ask me to kiss you, Nelly — not with a face like that!'

It was a relief to be rattling on once more. The men neither said good-bye nor made any signs of farewell; the woman sank back into her seat, and I was ashamed to look at her again.

At the next station they all peered toward the platform expectantly; and there was a shabby, middle-aged man dashing blindly this way and that among the crowd, glaring into all the carriages, bumping into irritated passengers, in a state of excitement bordering on distraction.

The woman fluttered her hand, and he saw it and came up panting.

'Here you are, then,' he said — a perspiring, friendly fellow, with shopman stamped all over him. 'All right? No' — this in answer to the woman who was leaning out to him. 'Sorry I can 't get away. Stuck it till past twelve last night, but no good — so much to do. They 've let me off for half-hour, but I 've got to get back. Like to have seen you off, but you 'll be all right. Cheer-o! Write soon as you get there.'

'Get my letter this morning?' interposed the humorist loudly. 'What have you done with it? Put it in the fire, eh? Best place for it!'

'Not much. No fear!' the other laughed, as he was clearly expected to. 'It was a treat! See you again some day. Don't forget us.'

'What do you think!' chortled the humorist. 'You 'll see me. Drop in tomorrow night, most likely. In and out so often you 'll be sorry you asked me!'

He roared with laughter. But the train was beginning to move. The man on the platform took a step forward; he and the woman kissed each other hastily, and I had a glimpse of him rubbing the back of his hand across his eyes as he turned away. The elder man had sat all the while stolid, dumb, heedless; thereafter, even the humorist lost his sense of humor and all three of them sat silent till we rushed gallantly into the terminus.

Getting out first, I saw no more of them. But all day I went about with a feeling on me that I had come from a death-bed, though I knew they were only dying out of one life to be born into another. And on my way home up the Strand that evening, when the street lamps shone pale against the glow that was still in the sky, and the long queues were waiting outside the theatres, they came back into my mind, and I saw their ship, with its ports alight, making out to sea through the deepening shadows, with the lonely quietness of the great waste of waters stretching before them, and the twinkling streets of the country that had been theirs dwindling into the distance behind.

The King's Highway

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They contain a hundred and eleven hitherto unpublished letters, of which the most interesting are a series written in Italy to Sir Horace Mann and two childish letters to Lady Walpole, reproduced in facsimile. Among the letters published elsewhere, but not contained in Mrs. Toynbee's edition, are an important group addressed to Henry Fox and all that is still extant of Walpole's part in his correspondence with Madame du Deffand. But the volumes are chiefly valuable for their mass of *corrigenda* and for the new light which they throw upon a multitude of minor matters. This additional information is almost entirely derived from the remarkable and only lately discovered collection of Walpole MSS. in the possession of Sir Wathen Waller — a collection containing, as Mr. Toynbee tells us, 'private journals, notebooks, and commonplace books of Horace Walpole, together with numerous letters addressed to him, marked "for illustration," which had been carefully preserved by Walpole in a series of letter books, evidently with a view to their eventual utilization in the annotation of his own letters'; and we are glad to hear that we may look forward to the appearance of 'the most interesting portions of this material in two further supplementary volumes.' It would be impossible to overrate Mr. Toynbee's erudition, industry, and exactness; owing to his labors and those of the late Mrs. Toynbee, we now possess an edition of this great classic truly worthy of its immense and varied interests — historical, biographical, political, psychological — and its potent literary charm. The reader who merely reads for entertainment will find a volume of this edition a perfect companion for a holiday; while its elaborate apparatus of notes, indices, and tables will supply the learned inquirer with everything that his heart can desire. One blemish, and one only, can we discover in it: the omission of numerous passages on the score of impropriety. Surely, in a work of such serious intention and such monumental proportions the publication of the *whole* of the original material was not only justifiable, but demanded by the nature of the case.

Good letters are like pearls: they are admirable in themselves, but their value is infinitely enhanced when there is a string of them. Therefore, to be a really great letter writer it is not enough to write an occasional excellent letter; it is necessary to write constantly, indefatigably, with ever-recurring zest; it is almost necessary to live to a good old age. What makes a correspondence fascinating is the cumulative effect of slow, gradual, day-to-day development — the long, leisurely unfolding of a character and a life. The Walpole correspondence has this merit in a peculiar degree; its enormous progression carries the reader on and on through sixty years of living. Even if the individual letters had been dull, and about tedious things, a collection on such a scale could hardly have failed to be full of interest. But Walpole's letters are far from dull, and, placed as he was in the very centre of a powerful and brilliant society, during one of the most attractive epochs of English history, the topics upon which he writes are very far from tedious. The result is something that is certainly unique in our literature. Though from the point of view of style, or personal charm, or originality of observation, other letter writers may deserve a place at least on an equality with that of Walpole, it is indisputable that the collected series of his letters forms by far the most important single correspondence in the language.

The achievement was certainly greater than the man. Walpole, in

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fact, was not great at all; though it would be a mistake to suppose that he was the fluttering popinjay of Macaulay's picture. He had great ability and great industry. Though it amused him to pose as a mere fine gentleman, he was in reality also a learned antiquary and a shrewd politician; in the history of taste he is remarkable as one of the originators of the Gothic revival; as a writer, apart from his letters, he is important as the author of a series of memoirs which are both intrinsically interesting and of high value as historical material. Personally, he was, of course, affected and foppish in a variety of ways; he had the narrowness and the self-complacency of an aristocrat; but he also had an aristocrat's distinction and reserve; he could be affectionate in spite of his politeness, and toward the end of his life, in his relations with Miss Berry, he showed himself capable of deep feeling. Nevertheless, compare him with the master spirits of his generation, and it becomes clear at once that he was second rate. He was as far removed from the humanity of Johnson as from the passion of Burke and the intellectual grasp of Gibbon. His dealings with Chatterton were not particularly discreditable (though he lied heavily in his subsequent account of them); but, in that odd momentary concatenation, beside the mysterious and tragic figure of the 'marvelous boy,' the worldly old creature of Strawberry Hill seems to wither away into limbo.

The mediocrity of the man has sometimes — by Macaulay among others — been actually suggested as the cause of the excellence of his letters. But this will not do. There is no necessary connection between second-rateness and good letter writing. The correspondences of Voltaire and of Keats — to take two extremely dissimilar examples — show that it is possible to write magnificent letters, and also to be a man of genius. Perhaps the really essential element in the letter writer's make-up is a certain strain of femininity. The unmixed male — the great man of action; the solid statesman — does not express himself happily on those little bits of paper that go by the post. The medium is unsuitable. Nobody ever could have expected to get a good letter from Sir Robert Peel. It is true that the Duke of Wellington wrote very good letters; but the Duke, who was an exception to all rules, holds a peculiar place in the craft: he reminds one in his letters of a music-hall comedian who has evolved a single inimitable trick, which has become his very own, which is invariably produced, and as invariably goes down. The female element is obvious in Cicero, the father — or should we say the mother? — of the familiar letter. Among English writers, Swift and Carlyle, both of whom were anxious to be masculine, are disappointing correspondents: Swift's letters are too dry (a bad fault), and Carlyle's are too long (an even worse one). Gray and Cowper, on the other hand, in both of whom many of the qualities of the gentler sex are visible, wrote letters which reached perfection; and in the curious composition of Gibbon (whose admirable correspondence is perhaps less read than it deserves) there was decidedly a touch of the she-cat, the naughty old maid. In Walpole himself it is easy to perceive at once the sinuosity and grace of a fine lady, the pettishness of a dowager, the love of trifles of a maiden aunt, and even, at moments, the sensitiveness of a girl.

Another quality is perhaps equally important: the great letter writer must be an egotist. Only those who are extremely interested in themselves possess the overwhelming pertinacity of the born correspondent. No good letter

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was ever written to convey information, or to please its recipient: it may achieve both those results incidentally; but its fundamental purpose is to express the personality of the writer. This is true of love letters no less than of others. A desperate egotism burns through the passionate pages of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; and it is easy to see, in spite of her adoring protestations, that there was *one* person in the world more interesting to Madame de Sévigné than Madame de Grignan. Walpole's letters, with all their variety of appeal, are certainly a case in point. They may be read for many reasons; but the final, the attaching reason is the revelation which they contain of a human being. It is, indeed, a revelation of a curious kind — an uncertain, ambiguous revelation, shifty, deceptive, forever incomplete. And there the fascination lies. As one reads, the queer man gets hold of one; one reads on — one cannot help it; the long, alembicated sentences, the jauntiness, the elegance, the faint disdain — one grows familiar with it all — and the glitter of the eyes through the mask. But it is impossible to stop: perhaps, just once — who knows? — when no one else is looking, the mask may be lifted; or there may be another, a subtler, change in the turn of the speech. Until at last one comes to feel that one knows that long-vanished vision as well as a living friend — one of those enigmatical friends about whom one is perpetually in doubt as to whether, in spite of everything, one *does* know them at all.

The Athenæum

THE CREATOR

I WILL make beauty, though no man should heed:
I will make beauty grow for my own need;
Though men would lesson me, drive and direct
With rods of poverty, hate, or neglect,
I will obey but one Master and Lord,
Strive till His will be done, bow to His word;
His rod is living death, slavery, shame;
His reward but a breath fleeting as flame;
Yet for that transience, yet for that gleam,
I will break chains of sense — die for a dream.

The Saturday Review

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THE ARROW OF GOLD

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

If I were to be asked in which of Mr. Conrad's writings his genius shows itself at its highest power, I should answer, without hesitation, in this the latest of them. If next I were asked whether it is the one of his books with which the reader, as he closes it, will feel most contented, the answer might hardly be the same. Certainly Mr. Conrad has never introduced us to a group of characters more striking or more vividly and variously alive, nor worked up their relations to a climax so doubly thrilling at once in the elements of external action and suspense and those of inward emotional complexity and conflict. And certainly neither he nor any living writer has achieved a finer, more illuminating study of the eternal feminine than is that of the central figure of the group, the woman wearing in her hair that ornament of a golden arrow which is made to live in the reader's memory as the mysterious, ever-haunting symbol of her charm.

But why, if such praise as this is really due to *The Arrow of Gold*, why, the reader will naturally ask, must it be tempered by the admission that he may find himself closing the volume with some sense of disappointment or incomplete satisfaction? The reason, as I should put it, lies in the circumstance, which discloses itself almost without disguise, that the story is not one of free and independent artistic creation, but to some extent at least of autobiographical fact and reminiscence. Readers who remember the 'Tremolino' incident in that avowed volume of real experiences, *The Mirror of the Sea*, will recognize as old acquaintances several of the actors in the present story, especially the ex-Confederate and present Carlist soldier of fortune, Captain Blunt, and Dominic, the stanch and daring seaman, smuggler, and blockade runner. Hence it is borne in upon us that not the uncontrolled choice of the artist, but the fatalities of life itself, have dictated the close of the story and the issue of that episode of youthful passion which it so enthrallingly sets forth; and if such close and such issue leave some readers feeling balked in their imaginative desires and sympathies, it is against life rather than against the artist that they must murmur.

The characters of the story are a cosmopolitan group of persons whom interest or principle or sentiment or love of adventure, or a combination of them all, have involved in the abortive Carlist attempts upon the throne of Spain in the early 'seventies of the last century. Foremost among them are 'Monsieur George,' a gallant young gentleman and follower of the sea, who in his old age tells these adventures of his youth for the information of a friend; and Doña Rita, otherwise Madame de Lastaola, a lady by whose *beaux veux*, above all things, he has been enlisted in the cause. Hers is the central figure about whom the whole action turns. By origin a Basque peasant girl, she has spent her childhood herding goats among her native mountains, been taken thence into the care of an aunt who is *concierge* in

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a Paris studio, and by the time we meet her has been transformed and educated by several years' experience as the treasured indispensable life model, the chosen companion and consenting although loveless mistress, of a celebrated Parisian personage, Henri Allègre, painter by profession, millionaire by inheritance, connoisseur, and art collector by predilection, by temperament and character cynic and scorner of his fellow men. Exclusively through her appearances as the regular and mysteriously fascinating companion of Allègre on his morning rides in the Bois de Boulogne, she has become known to certain distinguished elements in the male social world of Paris. Her protector by the time we meet her has died, leaving her the whole of his great fortune and famous collections, as well as all his houses, including two at Marseilles, where the whole drama is presently enacted. Her wealth, her anomalous social position, the spell of her irregular, irresistible physical beauty and charm, and her acquaintance with leading personages in Parisian society and politics, have given her special influence behind the scenes as well as made her the butt of endless gossip. She has been seen at Venice in the company of the Pretender, Don Carlos, and is supposed to have been his mistress, but, in fact, has refused the honor, finding nothing in him fit to inspire a passion. Whether scornfully by way of amends to him, or from a sentiment for the romance of Legitimism, or from what motives we do not clearly see, she has made herself an active and very serviceable agent in his cause. And the story of the present book is the story of her relations with some of her recruits, and first and foremost with the young sea officer, gun-runner, and smuggler of stores and munitions, Monsieur George, who until he met her had had the sea for his sole passion and mistress.

The method of the narrative is different from that by which Mr. Conrad often chooses, having plunged with his opening chapters into the very heart of his story, to hold us up while he harks back and tells us at full length the antecedents and circumstances which have led his characters to the point at which he first introduced us to them. In this case the narrator — that is, Monsieur George himself in his old age — begins by relating a series of conversations held in a café at Marseilles which prepare us quietly for the events to follow. The other interlocutors are a simple-hearted English gentleman, one Mills, and Blunt, the above-mentioned American from South Carolina, the former a bookish sympathizer with the Legitimist cause, the latter an active officer in the Carlist army. I confess to being among those whom no historical events in my lifetime have left colder than the various Carlist risings and intrigues in Spain, and for a while I feared that I was not going to be interested by the talk of these three partisans, the big genial Englishman, the exquisitely-mannered ex-Confederate officer with his perpetually gleaming smile, and the ardent young man of the sea. But let no one think he has really read this book until he has read it twice, or it may be thrice, for the thrill and tension of the later developments throw back with each reading a stronger reflected light on these introductory conversations and bring out more clearly their artistic point and purposefulness.

From the moment the heroine herself comes upon the scene all the other persons and everything in the book take on a new vitality. Her first appearance coming down the stairs in the villa at Marseilles may remind the reader of another dazzling first ap-

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parition of a heroine on the staircase, namely, that of Beatrix Esmond — though rather by contrast than by comparison, for no two women could be more unlike whether in beauty or disposition or in the atmosphere that emanates from and surrounds them. As to the other characters, whether remembered from actual life or not, they one and all come before us endowed with that higher vitality which nothing but re-creation in the mind of a great imaginative artist can bestow. Alike the soldier of fortune from South Carolina, with his aristocratic principles and traditions causing him to rebel against the idea of repairing his fortunes by marriage with the enriched but socially soiled daughter of the people, while at the same time he feels her fascination strong upon him and is acutely jealous of any possible rival: his mother, an equally polished, exquisitely clothed and mannered type of impoverished and exiled American from the Southern States, who, knowing her son's scruples, is coldly and subtly determined that they shall yield, and that the heiress shall be the restorer of his ruined fortunes and of her own; Doña Rita's still peasant elder sister, Thérèse, abominable with her deadly combination of devout sanctimonious righteousness and rapacious worldly greed at her sinning sister's expense: Ortega, once a boy against whose lustful persecution the goatherd girl had had to defend herself with mockery and stone-throwing, and whose passion, now that he is a still more lustful grown-up clerk with overred lips and silky black whiskers, is the one thing she fears in life: all these, with Dominic, the loyal smuggler seaman, and Dominic's mistress, the handsome innkeeper, and Rose, Doña Rita's devoted servant, and a dozen others, down even to the damaged lay figure which has found its way from the Paris studio to the Marseilles villa, affect us with an amazing sense of vitality, but do not the least interfere with the domination of the central theme.

That is the passion which springs up and reaches its climax from one carnival season to another between Doña Rita and the youth whom she has enlisted as blockade-runner and smuggler-in-chief. The phases of this passion are made to develop themselves in a manner (after all that has been written in the world about love) at almost every point original and unexpected, yet none the less illuminating and convincing. From their first encounter we watch growing an instinctive bond between what is spiritually unstained in the quondam mistress of the cynic millionaire artist and the honest and ardent inexperience of the fresh-hearted sailor-youth. During all their subsequent meetings, in the intervals of his gun-running expeditions, or when the last of them has ended in shipwreck and disaster, the play of emotion between them holds our interest spellbound. When she feels for the first time in life the dawning of true passion within her, she is frightened both for her own sake and his, and once and again must check herself and chill him off in a manner which he in his young simplicity takes for caprice and falsity. They bicker and quarrel and are resentful against each other and make it up, she most of the time exercising a sweetly forbearing, gently mocking long-sufferance under his ever-renewed misunderstandings and reproaches (are these not perhaps at certain points too obstinately persistent and perverse?). During these scenes of softening and hardening, reluctance and revulsion and hesitation and all but abandonment, this or that wordless gesture, imagined and told with inevitable rightness, serves to

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keep us aware, yet with never a touch of crudity or coarseness, of the movements not only of her heart but of her blood. Woman to the core as she is, we are made to feel at every moment, behind the freshness and sanity and fullness of her individual being, something mysterious and elusive, not individual but immemorial and belonging to bygone ages and to the women of all time.

At length, through the combined agencies of the detestable Thérèse and the frantic Ortega and the jealous Blunt, the two are locked within one chamber and have to defend themselves through a night of thrilling suspense and of danger none the less deadly for having in it elements of the ridiculous. At the end no strength to fight against her love is left in her, and they come together, to retreat for a few idyllic months beyond the ken of friends and enemies, gossips and intriguers, the faithful and the false alike. But the idyll is destined to be only an interlude in their two lives. A duel with the baffled Blunt, who could hesitate and hesitate but cannot endure being supplanted, brings it to an end. During a long half-conscious period, the wounded lover is vaguely aware of the comings and goings of his beloved, and finally comes to himself to learn from the faithful Mills that she has left him and totally disappeared. We must surmise that in her own honesty of heart and consciousness of soilure she holds herself no fit mate for his life. At any rate disappear she does so soon as his recovery is certain; all that he ever hears even remotely concerning her is the sale of the great Allègne collections and he has to go back and console himself with his other and yet more imperious and mysterious love, the sea. This is the issue which some readers long should have been different, such as an artist working in freedom might have made it and not as life determined it. And again there are others who may wish that the events following the critical night had not, even were their issue inevitable, been quite so hurriedly and slightly told, and that a final veil had not been drawn so suddenly alike upon the heroine herself and upon the Blunts, mother and son, and the infamous Thérèse and the insane Ortega, and all the other characters who have become so acutely real to us in the reading. But all intelligent readers alike must agree in any case — or so at least it seems to me — in thanking the master for a study of a woman's heart and mystery scarcely to be surpassed in literature.

The Telegraph

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SMOTHERED IN THRILLS: A BURLESQUE FOR THE CINEMA

BY ERNEST BRAMAH

WHERE had it come from?

I, John Beveledge Humdrum, general practitioner, of 105A Hammersmith Road, Kensington, had come down to breakfast on that eventful July morning expecting nothing more exciting than the eggs and bacon with which my excellent man Perkins has regularly provided me on similar occasions for the past eleven years.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, on throwing open the door of the bookcase that contained my sparse collection of medical works, in order to consult *Abernethy on Biscuits*, to be confronted by the doubled-up corpse of a young man of distinguished appearance, wearing a suit of evening clothes of the most expensive cut.

My thoughts flew back to the events of the previous evening in an attempt to unravel the mystery. Had anything remarkable happened? And then I remembered an incident, trivial enough in itself, which might supply a clue. At about eight o'clock I had received a professional summons, notable as being the first in my career. A heavily-veiled woman wearing a complete set of massive ermines had descended from a magnificently-appointed motor-car before my door. In response to her impassioned appeal, delivered with a marked Castilian accent, I had accompanied her to a miserable tenement dwelling in a sordid Limehouse slum. Here, after I had reluctantly given a pledge of secrecy, I was taken to the bedside of my patient, a fair-haired boy of three or four. A villainous-looking Chinaman, who was in attendance, gave me to understand, partly by signs and partly in pidgin-English, that the child had swallowed a bone button. Being unacquainted with the exact treatment of such a case I recommended his removal to the nearest hospital. As there was nothing more to detain me I left at once, overwhelmed by the passionate gratitude of my mysterious caller; but as I glanced back at the corner of the disreputable street I saw a face charged with diabolical hatred watching me from the grimy window of the room I had just quitted. It was the visage of the aged Chinaman, who, but a moment before, had been bowing to me with true Oriental deference.

I was on the point of ringing for Perkins, in order to question him, when something caused me to hesitate.

It was well that I did so. The next moment the double doors of the French window that overlooked the bustling turmoil of Kensington's busiest thoroughfare were flung frantically open and there sprang into the room a young girl whose dazzling beauty was, if possible, heightened by the breathless excitement under which she was laboring.

'Dr. Humdrum!' she exclaimed, throwing aside the luxuriant crimson opera cloak that had hitherto concealed the supple perfection of her lithe form. 'Save me! Help me!' and a look of baffling terror swept across her mobile features.

'Certainly,' I stammered, be-

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wildered for the moment by this strange intrusion into the dull routine of my commonplace existence; 'but first let me have your name and address for entering into my callers' book.'

For reply she dragged from her finger a ring set with a cluster of diamonds that had once, as I was afterwards to learn, graced the crown of an eastern potentate and with impulsive generosity flung it into the coal scuttle.

'Call me Erratica,' she murmured, with a slightly different look of terror contorting her lovely features. (And here, for the sake of brevity, I would remark that during the first seven weeks of our acquaintance she either shook with terror or shivered with apprehension whenever she spoke to me or I to her.) 'Seek to know no more. Only save me!'

I was at my wits' end. She had already, with a gesture of loathing, pushed aside the glass of sal volatile which I had offered her, and that exhausted the first-aid remedies with which I was familiar.

'Save you from what?'

'From my enemies. I saw them knocking at your door. That is why I came in by the window to avoid them.'

'Would it not have been more prudent ——' I began.

'Hush!' she whispered, tapping her exquisitely-modeled musical comedy teeth with her shapely Italian forefinger. 'They are at hand. Play your part well.' Then with unsuspected strength and a knowledge of the arrangements of my modest apartment that staggered me, she tore open the door of the bookcase, flung the corpse that it contained on to my dissecting table, and without a moment's hesitation took its place and pulled the door to after her.

'Open in the name of the law!'

Rather perturbed as to what the fair creature required me to do, I obeyed the summons and was relieved to see before me the burly form of Inspector Badger of the detective service, an officer with whom I was well acquainted.

'Rum case that of the murdered prima donna, Dr. Humdrum,' he remarked affably. As he spoke he took a seat on the corner of the dissecting table, and thus, luckily enough, overlooked its grim burden in the keen professional scrutiny that he cast round the room. 'I thought I 'd just look you up and see if you knew anything about it before I ordered any arrests.'

'Murdered prima donna!' I stammered. 'I have n't even heard of it. Surely you don't suspect ——'

'Suspect you?' said the inspector with a hearty laugh. 'Why no, sir, but as it happens a bone button, wrapped in a sheet of paper bearing your name and address, had been used to gag the poor creature with. That and the Chinese dagger buried in her heart are our only clues as yet.'

At the mention of these details I could not repress a start, which would scarcely have escaped Badger's notice had he not been engaged at the moment in taking a wax impression of my boots.

'Tell me all about it,' I remarked, with all the nonchalance I could muster. 'I have heard nothing. Who is she?'

'Señora Rosamunda de Barcelona, the celebrated Spanish singer,' replied the Inspector. 'She left Covent Garden at half-past eleven last night, alone, and wearing a crimson opera cloak. By the way now ——'

Possibly the compromising garment lying on the floor between us would not have caught Badger's eye had I

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not endeavored to kick it beneath the table. However, the thing was done.

'Ah, my old M.D. gown of the University of Ploughhandle, Ga., U. S. A.!' I explained with a readiness that astonishes me to this day, as I followed the direction of his glance. 'I use it as a dressing gown.'

'Very natty, too,' he remarked. 'Well, at seven this morning the Señora was discovered propped up in the vestibule of the Hotel Majestic, stabbed in eleven places.'

'And the opera cloak?' I felt impelled to ask.

'The opera cloak had disappeared.'

I rose to indicate that the installment was almost complete. The Inspector took the hint.

'I 'll look you up again later in the day if anything really baffling turns up,' he promised, as he walked toward the door. Suddenly he paused and faced the bookcase.

'What was that, sir? Did n't you hear a noise in the cupboard?'

'Search it by all means, if you wish, Badger,' I replied with the utmost sang-froid, 'but it only contains my zinc ointment, ammoniated quinine — and — er a little bundle of odds and ends. As for the noise — they have the chimney sweep in next door.'

'I should n't think of doubting your word, sir,' said the Inspector. Then very coolly he locked the cupboard door without opening it and slipped the key in his pocket. 'A mere formality, but just as well to be on the safe side,' he observed.

When I returned to the room — I accompanied Badger to the door myself — I stood for a moment considering the new complication.

'Deuced awkward!' I muttered, walking toward the bookcase.

'That will be all right, sir,' interposed the soft voice of Perkins from behind me. 'The key of my wardrobe fits all the locks in your sitting room — except that of the tantalus, I should say,' and he held out the indicated object for me to take. Under what circumstances my exemplary man had made the discovery I did not stop to investigate, but I have no doubt that he had conscientiously listened to every word of one if not of both conversations that morning.

I did not lose a moment in unlocking the door of the bookcase and throwing it widely open to release my fair visitor.

But the many-clawed hand of improbability had by no means relaxed its grip on my shoulder.

The cupboard was empty!

In speechless bewilderment my gaze went round the room from one familiar object to another in a vain attempt to solve the mystery. There was only one possible place of concealment there. I snatched away the coverlet that hid the stark outline on the dissecting table.

Imagine my surprise to see before me the corpse of the elderly Italian anarchist who had offered me a throat pastille on the grandstand at Hurlingham a month ago!

In spite of the passionate insistence with which Sybil (as I had now grown to call her) had reiterated that I should think of her no more, there were very few hours of the day or night that she was absent from my thoughts.

The all-too-brief moment that I had held her in my arms when I rescued her from the burning dope den in Montmorency Square had settled my fate forever. The emotion that swept over me when I found that we had been decoyed together into the abandoned radium mine in Cornwall had, if anything, deepened the conviction; and when I discovered that it was she and no other who, at such tremendous risk to herself, had sent me the anonymous

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warning that saved me from being drugged and tattooed beyond recognition in the Bond Street beauty specialist's salon, I admitted that something stronger than myself was shaping our destinies.

The baffling enigma of Sybil's identity would alone have been sufficient to keep her continually in my mind, even if I had been disposed to forget. One morning, after I had vainly sought for a week, I discovered her. She was in charge of a novelty counter in the bargain basement of Harridge's Stores, and so perfectly in harmony with her surroundings that it seemed impossible to suspect her of playing a part. Yet the same evening I caught her demure look of unrecognition across the table of a Cabinet Minister at a dinner given in honor of a popular Ambassador. And had not Slavonski, on the memorable occasion of the Incog Club raid, referred to her as 'our trusty associate Mademoiselle Zero'? But, on the other hand, Inspector Badger had placed himself unreservedly under her guidance when she steered the river-police motor launch in pursuit of the desperate 'Hi-Hi' gang. It was all very puzzling to me, plain John Humdrum, M.D., and when I now look back over that period I see that Sybil's friendship kept me very busy indeed.

Possibly something of the sort flashed across my mind one morning when I found on my breakfast table a note addressed in Sybil's characteristic hand. It was postmarked 'Express Aerial Service. Tokio to Aberdeen,' and franked 'Urgent and frantic' in violet ink. Stamps of the highest value were affixed wherever there was an inch of space in the dear girl's usual lavish manner. The enclosure, like all her business messages, was brief but decided.

'A great danger threatens,' it ran. 'Meet me at twelve to-night in the Mummy Room, British Museum, W.C.1. Sybil.'

Unfortunately it was not dated.

It was, therefore, in a rather doubtful frame of mind that I presented myself, shortly before midnight, at the formidable closed gates in Great Russell Street. A printed notice, read uncertainly by an adjacent street lamp, informed me that the galleries close at six.

As I stood there in indecision, an official emerged stealthily from the shadow of an angle in the wall, where he had evidently been awaiting me.

'That 's all right, sir,' was his welcome assurance, after he had flashed the light of an electric torch several times all over me. 'The young lady has arranged everything.'

Without further explanation he led the way across the broad moonlit forecourt, and then through several lofty galleries. Pausing before a massive door, he unlocked it, pushed me inside, and I heard the fastening close to again with a soft metallic click.

Never before had the mysterious gloom of that ghostly rendezvous of the long-forgotten dead seemed so shadow-laden.

Sybil — it was she — came toward me with a glad cry.

'You are here!' she exclaimed. 'How splendid, but I never for a moment doubted it.'

'But why *here?*' I ventured to inquire, in my obtuse blundering way. 'Would not Moggridge's or the Azalea Court of the Frangipane have been more up to date?'

She gave me a reproachful glance.

'Surely by this time you know that I am the most hunted woman in Europe, my good man,' she answered with a touch of aristocratic insouciance. 'My footsteps are being dogged by anarchists, vendettists, Bolsheviki,

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Czecho-Slovaks, Black Hands, Hidden Hands, Scotland Yard, the Harmsworth Press, and several of the more ambitious special constables. This is literally the one spot in London where we are safe from observation.'

'How wonderful you are!' was wrung from me. 'But will you not tell me what it all means?'

In her usual cryptic fashion Sybil answered one question by another.

'Will you do something for me?'

'Can you doubt it?' I asked reproachfully.

'I don't,' she replied. 'But all so far is insignificant compared with this. It will demand the reticence of a government official combined with the resourcefulness of a District Messenger. This packet must be delivered tonight to the Admiral of the Fleet stationed at Plyhampton. The fate of the navy, the army, and the air service are all bound up in its safe arrival.'

'I am ready,' I said simply.

'A yellow motor-car, with one headlight green and the other red, will be waiting for you at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street,' she proceeded rapidly. 'You will recognize it by the driver wearing a crimson opera hat — that being the secret badge of the male members of our society. Get in and the rest is easy.'

Even as she spoke a sudden look of terror swept across her features.

I followed her agonized glance to the nearest mummy case. It was, the label stated, that of an Egyptian priest of Mut, named Amen-Phat, but the pair of steely eyes that I encountered looking out of the painted mask were those of the Hindu waiter who had upset the discarded toothpicks into the poisoned dish of caviare at the Grand Duke's reception.

I turned to convey my suspicions to Sybil, but, to my surprise, she had disappeared, and when I looked again the gilt face of Amen-Phat had resumed its accustomed placid stare.

One thing was clear. In my hand I held the fateful packet directed to the Admiral of the Fleet, and my duty was to find the driver of the yellow car and make a dash for the coast at all hazard.

As I strode toward the door I recalled the ominous sound of re-locking that had followed my entrance. Was I in a trap?

Whatever had taken place, however, the door was no longer locked. It yielded to the pressure of my hand, but only for a few inches. Something was pressing against it on the other side. I exerted my strength, and in another moment I had made a sufficient opening to allow my passage. The nature of the obstruction was then revealed. At my feet lay the body of a man. A ray of green light fell upon his features, rendering them ghastly and distorted, but it needed no second glance to assure me that the corpse was that of the mysterious official who had escorted me to the spot not ten minutes before.

Little more remains to be told.

I changed cars seventeen times between London and the coast. The loss of time was considerable, but it whiled away the monotony of the journey, and as a precaution, together with the badness of the road, it was effectual in throwing our pursuers off the track. Their overturned car was found the next morning in a lime quarry just off the road beyond Dorsham. Beneath it was the body of the Greek curio dealer with the Scotch accent, who had sold me the cinquecento dagger with the phial of cholera microbes concealed in the handle. By his side lay the form of the old-young gallery first-nighter. Even to this day my frontal

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bone carries the scar of his well-aimed opera glasses, on that occasion when, in the stalls of the Hilario, during the Royal performance, nothing but Sybil's promptness in flinging open her umbrella had saved me from a fatal blow. Both were crushed almost beyond recognition.

Dawn was within an hour of breaking when my seventeenth car — a taxicab of obsolete pattern — broke down in the quaint old High Street of Plyhampton. Leaving it to its fate, I went alone to make inquiries, and soon learned, to my delight, that the dreadnought Stalactite, the flagship of the Admiral, was lying at that moment moored to the end of the pier.

Despite the earliness of the hour, the Admiral, Sir Slocombe Colqumondeley, received me at once in his stateroom, a magnificent apartment in green and gold. As his eyes rested on the superscription of the packet I handed him, he could not repress a slight start, but before he had finished the reading of the message his face had grown strangely tense. For a few minutes he paced the salon in deep thought, then, turning to an instrument, transmitted a series of orders in quick succession. I have since learned, though I little suspected it at the time, that the tenor of those orders was for every ship to clear for action.

Shaking off his preoccupation, Sir Slocombe turned to me with a smile.

'So you are my daughter Sybil's young man, Dr. Humdrum?' he exclaimed with bluff sailor-like heartiness. 'Well, well, we must see what we can arrange after this business is over. How would Surgeon-Major of the Fleet suit you, eh what?'

A few minutes later I was leaving the pier, more bewildered by the turn events had taken than I would care to admit, when a tall, dignified officer, with gray muttonchop side-whiskers, approached me.

'Pardon me, but did you not enter Plyhampton in a taxicab numbered XYZ 999?' he inquired courteously.

'I did,' I replied, referring to the details which I had taken the precaution to jot down on my cuff.

'Then it is my duty, as Warden of the Port, to put you in irons,' and he beckoned to a master of marines.

'On what charge?' I demanded.

'The driver of the taxi has been found stabbed to death with his own speed lever,' he explained gravely. 'Inside the vehicle was the dead body of the notorious international spy, known to the secret police as "Mr. A——." He was disguised as an elderly Chinese seaman, and was wearing beneath his tunic, a forged Order of the Crimson Hat of Siam.'

'Is it possible!' I gasped.

'Well, frankly it does n't sound probable,' he admitted with unofficial candor. 'But that is n't my business.'

'I am Dr. Humdrum,' I said, producing my stethoscope, 'and I live at 305A Hammersmith Road, Kensington. Surely ——'

'That is quite satisfactory,' he replied, throwing the handcuffs into a lee scupper that stood open. 'Accept my apology. Hold an inquest on the bodies as soon as you conveniently can, and you have my assurance that you will hear nothing further of this unpleasant affair.'

. . . . . .

We are seated in the Piazza d'Esperanto at Mentone. Sybil's head is nestling on my shoulder.

'Had we better not explain to them, darling, just why everything came about as it did?' I venture to suggest.

'No, darling; I don't think we better had,' replies Sybil, watching the play of the deep blue against the horizon.

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FROM AN OLD ESCRITOIRE: MEMORIES OF GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI

At present all my thoughts are occupied with Garibaldi, and, far from my excitement decreasing after seeing him, it is just the contrary. Since I saw him drive past; since I saw that face, though only for a moment, that expression, which I shall never forget in all my life, my wish to approach him more closely, to speak to him, has become a restless desire. Last night, I dreamed only of Garibaldi!

Oh! It seems to me so small, so paltry, to write an 'Address' or anything of that sort, just as, when I first saw the Alps, all words seemed too shallow to describe them! On Monday, at 1 o'clock, we went to a coffee-house in the Strand, to witness Garibaldi's entrance. The crowd was so dense as only to be compared to a sea, a human, almost motionless sea, yet every wave of which had life and movement. Boys climbed up to the very reliefs of Nelson's statue; three had mounted the horse of Charles I, one of whom put his arm round the neck of the King and waved a red handkerchief. Every point, every corner, every lamp-post was thickly covered with human beings, and the whole, seen from the Strand, afforded a magnificent amphitheatrical picture.

There was no artistic effect, the houses were not decorated either with flags or draperies; it was merely the colossal masses of people, the hundreds of thousands of uplifted faces, all turned in one direction, which lent majesty to the spectacle. Hour after hour passed. A great procession of workmen came along, Freemasons, Italians, Poles, with waving flags and bands of music. Every eye strained to see Garibaldi in the distance. In vain. My heart beat quite painfully. The procession had already vanished out of sight, and yet no Garibaldi. Again the hours passed. A gray mist overspread the Square; the people grew restless. Then a dull and distant murmur was heard, rolling like an advancing thunderstorm; and at last, at last, one distinguished in the distance loud shouts and hurrahs; one saw the waving of handkerchiefs and flags; nearer and nearer drew the interminable uproar of thousands of voices; close to us at last it broke forth from innumerable human throats, and slowly, slowly, the carriage pressed upon by the crowd approached. Garibaldi was standing up, like a Roman hero in his triumph, but beloved and idolized by the people as no Roman victor ever was, for this was not his capital, which he had glorified by his fame, into which he made his entry, but a foreign town, a foreign people.

The sight of the people pressing round him, kissing his hand, almost crushing him, closing behind his carriage like two mighty waves parted for a moment by a ship and meeting again, was inexpressibly noble and touching, and never to be forgotten. At last I could see him plainly,— could see, though only for a moment, the expression of noble heroism and really divine kindness that beamed on his face,— and then, all had vanished in mist and darkness, and only the jubilation and movement of the crowd told that it was no dream, but reality.

If such men existed in the old dark ages, it is, indeed, no wonder that the people made gods and demigods of

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for where else, in all nature, is the *divine* so immediately revealed to mankind! Enviable and happy those who are his hosts, who can care for him and read his every wish in his eyes. I read Colonel Vecchi's book on Garibaldi at the right moment, when I was incapable of doing anything but read about the hero. What specially touched me in the story was when Garibaldi goes out at night to seek the lost lamb, takes it to his bed and feeds it, so that no one should hear it; and then, when he g ves Vecchi the key and says, 'Come and amuse yourself'; and then, when he says, 'Poor boy, born at the foot of a throne, perhaps, and not by his own fault hurled from it; he too will have to feel the bitterness of exile without preparation'; and again, 'It was the duty of all of us to go, else how could there have been a united Italy?'; and then, when he says, 'Ah! why am I not twenty years younger! old and worn, I am a useless instrument of the majestic will of the people'; and 'when God puts you in the way of doing good, do it and hold your tongue. It is my duty to set a good example to these dear children.'

It is also touching how he treats flowers and animals; inexpressibly kind. I can quite understand how such a man charms all who know him.

It was really wonderful, during Garibaldi's visit to London, how all thought in that vast city centred on the one man. People seemed to lose their stiffness, shyness, and formality; their tongues were loosened; and there was a link between their thoughts that made them all feel no longer strangers to each other. It was wonderful how in the street, in the omnibus, in the train, the name of Garibaldi dwelt on every lip. Fine ladies spoke it to little beggar boys, asking whether the hero would pass that way; little children called to crossing sweepers to know whether they had seen Garibaldi; shop keepers ran out of their shops, leaving everything open to be stolen, to get a glimpse of the people's darling. It was like an electric fluid passing through three millions of beating hearts; making everyone feel (alas! for a short time only) the brotherhood of human beings; the equality of feeling tearing down all the partitions that keep man asunder from man; perhaps the foreshadowing of an era of real and changeless fraternity. There seems to be a void in the air and in hearts since Garibaldi has left; something dear and precious gone from among us.

When I was walking down Park Lane, there were a number of street boys gathered round a house; I asked them what they were standing there for; they said they were expecting Garibaldi, so I, thinking he might be coming soon, stood still a little. A poor man drew his picture on the pavement getting a penny by it. A little Italian girl came to me in the street and gabbled a great deal of Italian to me, of which I only understood the word constantly repeated, of '*fame, fame*'; so, as I had no change by me, I told her to come home with me, and asked her if she had seen Garibaldi. She said 'Yes.' And did she love him? 'No, I love the Pope,' was the answer of the little thing; so I talked to her very vehemently, telling her that if Garibaldi were in Rome instead of the Pope, he would take care of poor people and of her, and would not let them want food and clothes, and would build schools for the poor children to learn and be comfortable at, instead of letting them run about the streets in rags, making music. 'Garibaldi loves all poor people,' I said, 'and would help them all if he could, so you should like him too little girl.' She had very bright, intelligent eyes, and understood me quite

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well, I think, and she said she would in future. You see, I have turned into a kind of missionary!

The other day, Madame Saffi let me know that, now that Garibaldi had let himself be persuaded by the government to go away, she would have nothing more to do with him, and considered it superfluous to send an address of congratulation unless it came entirely from Englishwomen, in order to persuade him to remain longer. Madame Saffi, having thus withdrawn from the matter, a number of Englishwomen also retired, and the time was too short to get others. Without an Englishwoman of name, nothing could be done, and one would expose one's self to be laughed at.

It had been arranged that twelve women and twelve girls should present an address; the girls dressed in white with aprons in the Italian colors, and carrying either a nosegay or a wreath of laurel. In case Garibaldi remained only a few days longer, it might be managed, for Mrs. F——, who would join us, sent me word that Mary Howitt, the celebrated author, would probably place herself at the head. Mrs. F—— was quite unhappy that it fell to the ground. It is the fault of so much incredible hesitation and delay! But one might send an address to Caprera, should Garibaldi really go away on Friday, which I trust will not be the case. A grand demonstration of the English people to induce him to remain would be the only thing that could detain him. The whole affair originated, of course, with the French Government, and is abominable. Last Monday early, at 8.30, we went to Stafford House. We had given up all hope of having Garibaldi at our house, as he was overwhelmed with invitations.

We were led into a large, cold-looking reception room, where already many English families were waiting. Saffi and Guerzoni, Garibaldi's secretary, came and said that Garibaldi, would soon come. My heart beat violently when at last people said: 'The General is coming!'

He came in, in his now well-known costume, his gray mantle thrown picturesquely back over his shoulder, a kind smile on his lips. He is rather stout than tall, and still walks with some difficulty. His head has something lion-like; his beard is reddish mixed with gray; his hands and feet are small. The forehead and nose form a perfectly straight line; the eyes are not large, dark brown in color, frank, open, honest, truthful, and very kind in expression. The whole face bears the impress of great firmness and energy. The deep wrinkles round the eyes show that he has been exposed to all weathers, but, on the whole, he does not look at all suffering. On the contrary, he looked well and healthy. But I must confess that he did not make, at close quarters, the immense and magical impression on me which I expected. I had perhaps read too much about the beaming smile which quite altered his face, and, apart from all that he has done, of his overwhelming and, as many said, electrifying personality, not to be disappointed.

I was much quieter than I had expected to be. When we were introduced to him, he begged me to be seated, and there was some conversation, and then he went to greet others who had come to shake hands with him, which he did with great willingness. When these people had left, he came to us again and said, '*Je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance.*' We explained that it was impossible to present the address at the Crystal Palace, as Guerzoni had proposed, for there was no time to give proper notice. '*Mon cher ami,*' answered Gari-

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baldi, '*vous pouvez faire tout-à-fait comme vous voulez.*' He said something more of that sort, and then we told him how sorry we were that he could not come and dine with us. '*Ne pourrai-je pas venir à présent?*' he asked. '*J'aime les choses faites dans le moment, sans préparation. Si vous voulez bien me recevoir, je viendrai avec vous.*' We said we should be only too happy if he would go with us. '*Oh, vous êtes trop bonnes, mesdames,*' and then he asked how far it was, and when he heard that Ledru-Rollin lived quite near, he wanted to visit him, too, and ordered the carriage. Meanwhile so many other visitors had arrived, that he had to leave us to speak to them. One gentleman and a lady seemed to be old friends from America. He sat a little way from us on a sofa, and spoke eagerly with the lady, shaking her hand and saying several times, '*Je suis enchanté de vous voir!*' I heard him say that strange things happened in life; he had fought for eight years in America and was never wounded; and also during the Italian war in 1860 nothing happened to him, and only at Aspromonte had an unlucky ball hit him; '*La balle est allé par là,*' he said and pointed to the place. After the Americans had left, Mrs. C—— came and drew Garibaldi into a corner, where she talked eagerly to him. I heard him say more than ten times, 'It is not possible; it is impossible, it is not possible'—he pronounced the second *i* very long. The lady would not let him go, held him by the elbow, and seemed to me like a little noisy dog barking round a majestic Newfoundland. At last he said, 'I will speak to you presently, Mrs. C——,' and turned to two very interesting-looking Italians, who had been waiting a long time in a window recess. With these he spoke a long time in Italian. Then Menotti Garibaldi came with a few young men, whom he introduced to his father, who spoke a few words to each. Then the door opened again, and about ten men entered, who seemed eager to have his autograph, for he sat down with the greatest good-humor and, resting several pieces of paper on the top of a hat, wrote his name and gave it to the gentlemen. I was almost in despair, for I thought it would get too late for him to go with us. At last the carriage was announced, and Garibaldi took up his small felt cap, and came to us, saying, '*Maintenant je suis tout-à-fait à votre disposition,*' gave his arm to my mother, and we went through all the row of bowing visitors. On the way he said good morning to the Duke of Sutherland. Outside a great crowd had collected round the carriage, shouting with joy. I said that it must be a wonderful contrast to him to be transported from the quiet island of Caprera to this stormy life. '*Oh, oui,*' he replied, '*depuis que je suis en Angleterre, je n'ai pas un moment où je suis à moi seul, où je puis penser. Londres est un monde, la foule lundi était vraiment immense.*' '*On vous adore comme un dieu,*' said M——, '*le peuple vous aime tant.*' I believe such remarks do not please him; he seems to me very modest, and he said, '*Ca n'est pas du feu de paille que ça aura un résultat pour la cause, pour l'Italie.*'

Among other things he said, '*Je suis amoureux de la solitude.*' B—— turned the conversation to Schleswig-Holstein, and tried to explain the situation. Garibaldi passed his hand across his forehead and said, '*Oh, cette question est bien obscure. C'est triste que les peuples ne comprennent pas encore la liberté, même s'ils la cherchent pour eux-mêmes, ils ne donnent pas à leurs voisins.*'

We had arrived at home, and, as it would have been troublesome to Garibaldi to climb the stairs, we remained in the dining room. We made excuses

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that nothing was ready, as we had not expected him to come that day, and he said, '*Si vous venez chez moi à Caprera, vous le trouverez encore beaucoup plus simple.*' The quiet seemed to do him good. He praised the Rhine wine we offered and said, '*Ah, l'Allemagne a du bon vin, l'Italie aussi pouvait l'avoir et en grande quantité; c'est la faute de son gouvernement qu'elle ne l' a pas; mais ce serait une trop longue histoire à vous conter maintenant. Ca prendrait des heures, mais l'Italie est très mal gouvernée, énormement mal gouvernée.*' He said, too, '*Les Italiens sont trop mous, c'est la faute de leurs prêtres.*' He said all this with great emphasis. When he says something of that kind, his harmonious voice acquires a really grand and penetrating tone. He also said that he wished to speak of Poland, that we ought not to let Poland die, for she gave an example that all people ought to imitate; everything ought to be done to succor Poland; she alone threw herself against tyrants; she did not cry for help like other peoples, nor for money or arms; if she had no sword, she took an axe; she would die, but not submit.

Ennobling, touching, and unforgettable was the fire with which he said all this. When we showed him his portrait he said he had never worn such a hat, nor a crooked sword. A few more words were exchanged; then he got up to go to Ledru-Rollin and thanked us for our kind reception, and then I said I should never have been happy if he had not come. He left us with a warm pressure of the hand. In the quiet street before our door, the people had seemed to rise out of the ground to see the beloved hero; neighbors thrust their hands through the railings; children held out flowers; and amid enthusiastic hurrahs the carriage drove away.

A little later, O—— came and I went with her to Ledru-Rollin's that she might see Garibaldi. We could hardly get in, such a crowd was at the door. Garibaldi sat on the sofa, Ledru-Rollin opposite, in earnest conversation about the best form of government. Ledru-Rollin set forth at great length that a dictatorship was the only possible form after a revolution; that the French Republic in 1848 was destroyed for want of such a dictatorship, but that, as soon as the feeling for and understanding of freedom should have penetrated the whole nation, it should be left to the people to choose the particular form. Garibaldi declared that he was of quite the same opinion.

Ledru-Rollin was much pleased and said repeatedly that he was very happy that they agreed, to which Garibaldi replied, in French, 'What is wanting in the peoples who wish for liberty is unity, our principal object should now be to obtain it: Kings never move alone; they make treaties, they give each other their hands, but not to the peoples, who fight isolated, not yet aware that unity would render them invincible. Look at Poland, she is alone!' Garibaldi repeated his words about Poland, and insisted on the unity of all leaders.

This interview was the most interesting, to me, of all the time I was together with Garibaldi. All that he said was so great, so simple, so spontaneous, coming from the bottom of his heart. For the moment one was quite lifted out of one's self, raised above all commonplace to the pure ether of a higher, nobler love of humanity. A shiver ran through me; it was a glimpse of mighty feeling suddenly exhibited, with illimitable consequences; no longer men, but principles; ideas of incalculable importance.

When he left, Garibaldi said to Ledru-Rollin, 'Count on me always as one of your friends; believe me, it is

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my heart that has led me to you.' He said this with infinite heartiness, and Ledru-Rollin replied, 'Believe me, General, I shall never forget this.' They pressed each other's hands. Garibaldi's health was drunk, even the servant maids joining in the toast. Outside, crowds again cheered their darling. I wish I could really express the impression made upon me. The grandeur, the largeness, the humanity that enveloped all minds like a broad flood, whelming them in an ocean of divinity! This moment gave us the real Garibaldi.

There is a feeling burned into me as with fire. Never would I, in society, go first to speak to any male friend, were he even a hundred years old. Not even to Mazzini, for whom I have limitless veneration, was I the first to speak on that evening, and you know I only went on his account. But Mazzini was with us one evening with Ledru-Rollin; came at eight o'clock, and, alas! left again at ten. So that I really had very little of him. His greeting was, '*Bon soir, ma philosophe!*' Then we talked about the *Lettres d'un Voyageur* by George Sand, which I had lately read, and because I said that I had been sometimes disappointed, Mazzini said, '*Oh, vous n'êtes pas une des nôtres!*' There is, in fact, a letter in the book, headed 'Le Prince,' which is very republican.

Then we talked of Byron, of whom Mazzini said that the kernel of his poems is the degrading of aristocracy, of Judaism, in contrast to the people, to humanity. I replied that I did not think so at all: on the contrary, Byron seemed to me to glorify Judaism, to raise the Hebrews defiantly above the crowd; his heroes were always full of contempt for the majority of mankind. 'Forgive me if I seem rude in order to be true,' Mazzini rejoined with his indescribable smile, 'but this is superficial. I do not mean that your nature is superficial, because I do not think so, but your judgment in this is; you judge too quickly; read again and think it over.' But I did not certainly read Byron too quickly, for I read *Childe Harold* at least eight times through, and a little time ago, I knew it almost by heart. Though in Byron's poems there may be the swan song of his whole class, a symbolic picture of its decline, Byron himself certainly did not mean it, and Mazzini puts a portion of his own ideas into Byron's poems. M—— showed Mazzini my poem, which pleased him very much, and when I asked was he really in earnest, for he could not bear mediocre poetry, he replied, 'In this one a noble subject is clothed in lovely words; why should it not be beautiful?' And then '*Dormant, rêvant*' (he gave the words a quite peculiar expression). 'You should put that as a motto on your seal, for you go through life dreaming; not active, not working, but dreaming.' I said, 'You are mistaken; those words certainly express my mood as I wrote the poem, but, first, we do not always remain in the same mood, and, secondly, the poem was written five years ago; now I dream with wide open eyes.' Then he compared me to an Æolian harp; he said, 'You have a thoroughly poetic nature; you are an Æolian harp, from which every passing breeze draws another tone; everything sounds, but the wind brings it and takes it away again. Nothing remains; nothing is fixed.' Is this a true characteristic of me? Mazzini speaks beautifully, like a poet, with glowing words.

We have Mazzini's letter to the Pope in our house; I read it, as I read everything he wrote. It is bitter and sweet at the same time, like the scent of jasmine which he prefers to the odor of roses, because it tingles.

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Mazzini had lately announced a visit to us. He came, and in the course of conversation reproached me with being an aristocrat, because I had more feeling for the sufferings of celebrated people than for those of unknown persons, though the latter were far more to be pitied. When he rose to take leave, I ran like lightning to put on my bonnet, rushed downstairs again, and soon overtook him outside the house. As we turned the corner of Townshend Road, I was so pleased at the success of my trick that I jumped and clapped my hands. Mazzini looked at me as one often looks at a child. He quite understood my action, and did not object to my walking with him. I accompanied him as far as the middle of Hyde Park. Our conversation turned on the most serious questions of life. It is so deeply engraved in my mind that I can never forget it. Naturally it touched on a very small portion of what I wanted to know. He said that he would need to write a thousand volumes to answer all my questions fully. He said I was too impatient and demanded that the aims of my life should grow up in one night like mushrooms. I ought to make myself clear about life and the world, learn to understand their plan and results in general and in particular. To this end he recommended, on the one hand, that I should carry on a serious study which should commence with astronomy, proceed to geology, and then to history from its beginnings, in connection with philosophy, down to the present time. He promised to point out the necessary books in every branch. Naturally, I have already begun. And I was fairly dazzled with the infinite distances that opened out before me as if by magic. On the other hand, he said I ought to examine my own character, which task is too often neglected in the crowd of daily events, and I should strive in every way to advance spiritually. I asked him if he thought it my duty to help in the household. He said, not for its own sake, but that, where four or five persons live together, each one ought to bear his part, and it could only be of advantage to the formation of my character if I did so. I complained of the oppressive want of really intellectual companions; how, when I had often worked intellectually the whole day to the best of my powers, I was overtaken in the evening with a fierce hunger for an exchange of sentiments, and refreshing conversation with sympathetic souls, and that this hunger was so seldom satisfied that I felt quite worn out. He understood that perfectly. I spoke with extreme frankness, and it is wonderful how one feels exactly how far a person, even if he speaks no word, is really sympathetic to one. I parted from him at last with infinite peace in my soul, decided to carry out all. I threw myself into a cab, and repeated to myself every word that I had heard.

I believe that Mazzini is the only person in the world who could give me a belief, a firm conviction. He, whose whole soul is firm, but mild; severe yet loving; fiery and penetrated by poetry as with a flame; and who could raise, penetrate, and render my soul clear. If the influence of a Mazzini cannot raise a single woman-heart, how can it raise the world?

And how is it that the narrowest-minded, coldest women become the darlings of the best men? Ah! how such questions stare coldly in my face! How I drag them about without result! How deeply discouraged I often feel!

I could write a great deal about Mazzini's last visit, but if I began I should not know where to end. Enough, it was the most delightful evening I have ever passed with him. I look up to him as to a prophet, teacher, master.

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The best in me is aroused, and a deep longing for something higher, for an Ideal for which I could strive, every time I see him. He stayed that day till 2 o'clock, and we again talked a great deal about Goethe. At dinner we talked very earnestly, so that I really forgot everything around me. But people made remarks, saying, 'They are quite a picture together!' I felt quite angry and wished the whole company, except ourselves, would sink into the ground, so that we might talk undisturbed!

Last Thursday I was together with Mazzini at a friend's house. How this man, with his fire, his glowing eloquence, his holy zeal, carries one away, I cannot describe. I hang with my whole soul upon his every word; I drink them all in with the same greediness with which a flower drinks in the rain, and I should like to remember every single word forever. As soon as we were seated, Mazzini asked what impression Garibaldi had made upon me, and then began to say what could be accomplished by every single person — what women, for example, might do, if they had any feeling for freedom, and would make it their daily task to do something for the cause. It was incredible what would be accomplished in a single year, if this were done. If all of us, he said, who were in that room would undertake to collect money, if even only a penny, from all our acquaintances, and they in their turn did the same, an incredible amount of money might be collected in one year. 'But you have no perseverance,' he continued, 'you take up everything enthusiastically, and after a short time let it drop. By perseverance alone can a goal be reached. All that I have achieved in my life has only succeeded through perseverance.' Mazzini wished us at once to constitute ourselves as a committee, and I consented, but the others hesitated. I promised to try what I could do for it.

There was a tea-rose in the room which everyone smelled with delight, and it was offered to Mazzini, who said, 'I do not like the smell of a rose, it is eastern, it is sensuous, there is nothing rousing or stirring in the odor. I love the scent of the lily-of-the-valley, it is so pure and fresh; and of the jasmine, because in it the two qualites of odor are represented; there is the eastern languishing, but also the rousing, pricking essence which is needed to neutralize the first; all things that are perfect must embrace the two. I hold it quite a prejudice, this admiration of the rose and the nightingale; I love the lark far more, it is the most spiritual of birds, singing far up in the sky and full of unutterable joy and song.'

You will see from this that Mazzini is a man who judges of everything originally and independently, and perhaps often goes too far in this respect. Not only *what* he says, but *how* he says it, is valuable; it has just the indescribable magic of a nature full of genius.

According to my promise, I began the very next morning collecting money, and first with the postman, who willingly gave me a penny. On the same afternoon, another postman came of his own accord, and said he had heard a collection was to be made for Garibaldi and he wished also to give a penny. I always say that the money is for Garibaldi, else very few people would give. Altogether I have till now collected one pound sterling, which is very little. I am by nature not inclined to such things; it goes against me to ask people to give, but now I have promised, and it is for such a grand purpose, that it is quite different from the usual collecting for political aims.

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AFRICAN BLOOD

CONSIDER three scenes:

In Central Africa, upon the low watershed which pours down the tributaries of the Congo on one side, and of the Zambesi on the other, the full moon is moving over the long ridges of black forest. In an open clearing outside a stockaded village of huts, black figures are dancing by her light. They dance in a broken circle. Now and again, one of them leaps out into the centre and dances alone, prancing with his legs, swinging his arms up and down, and especially delighting in wiggling his backbone like a snake. The more he wriggles, the louder do the other dancers clap their hands. Sometimes the circle suddenly breaks up, and, ranged in opposite lines, the men and women advance toward each other and then retire, clapping their hands, prancing, and wriggling their backbones to the utmost of their power. Sometimes they burst into song, chanting the praise of physical delights and domestic joys. 'I am going to my mother in the village, in the village,' is a favorite chant, usually set to a frog dance in which all squat and leap. Sometimes the song is accompanied by the twanging of the Ochisanji, an instrument of iron slats fastened to a wooden sounding board. And all the time, no matter what the dance may be, the great African drum, the Ochingufu, throbs and booms without cessation, sounding far through the forest, and striking terror into all the spirits of evil which swarm throughout the world. So the dance rages through the night, excitement reaching frenzy and then slowly subsiding till, as in an English dance, 'a silence falls with the waking bird, and a hush with the setting moon.'

A few hundred miles away two American doctors have pitched a little camp of huts like a native village. The fame of their healing miracles has spread far, and another little village of huts has gathered round them. From distant forests men and women have brought their sick—people with leprosy, people with putrefying sores, babies who seem to waste away, children with distended spleens. Three kings, afflicted with diseases from which even royalty is not free, are among the patients, and have constructed separate rows of huts for their numerous wives and royal families. Every morning the sick come up for treatment, kingly rank giving no precedence. In the afternoon the tents are visited, but in the evening the mind is raised above mortal things, and the doctors go out into the camp and begin singing beside a log fire. Its light falls upon black figures crowding round in a thick half circle—big, bony men, women shining with castor oil, and swarms of children. Eyes and teeth gleam suddenly in the firelight. Three songs are sung, the brief choruses repeated over and over again. One chorus is sung seventeen times on end, with steadily increasing fervor. A beautiful young woman sits singing with conspicuous enthusiasm. Her mop of hair, its tufts fashionably solid with red mud, hangs over her brow and round her neck, dropping odors, dropping oil. Her arms jingle with copper bracelets, and probably she is a princess, for at her throat she wears a section of a round white shell which is counted the

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most precious of ornaments—'worth an ox,' they say. Her whole soul is given to the singing, and from cavernous lips she pours out to the stars and darkened forest, over and over again, the amazing words of the chorus: 'Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Jesu vene mwa aku sanga. Jesus loves me! Jesus really loves me! His blood will wash my black heart white.'

The Philharmonic Hall in London is decorated with long sheets of red, white, and blue fabric. Seated on soft chairs covered with crimson plush, many rows of English people are gathered, all dressed in the usual summer style, but showing little bare skin except the face and hands. On the stage stand three or four rows of men, wearing the conventional evening dress—'smokers' and black ties. In front are the singers; behind, the instrumental orchestra with violins, 'cellos, cornets, clarionets, side-drums, and the rest of a civilized band. Some of the men can hardly be distinguished from the so-called 'whites' of the audience, but, in fact, all are negroid, though only two could be thought black. Two women among the instrumentalists, and two who come in to sing, are 'just as good as white.' Yet in all runs the blood of wild Africans, such as those who dance and sing in the forest. They are descendants of similar men and women once herded down to West African ports, and shipped into slavery upon American plantations; partly for the good of their souls, because only in slavery could they hope to become acquainted with the blessings of the Christian religion. In fact, a philanthropic Bishop used to sit throned upon the pier at one of the chief slave ports, and baptize the fortunate captives by batches, wishing them a happy conversion with his blessing as they embarked.

From men and women who had the luck thus to be sold and set to honest labor in the cotton plantations, encouraged in well-doing by whips and torture, the performers in the Philharmonic Hall are descended; and if they can hardly be called black—well, there is at least one way of working out the depth of color, and for some strange reason there is less prejudice against a white man who takes a black woman for his concubine than against a negro who marries a white woman. But, brown or nearly white, the spirit of the old African blood lingers long. The programme is taken at full gallop. The orchestra plays; it may be a 'ramshackle rag' or it may be something by Brahms or Dvorak. No matter what; gradually all the stage begins to move in time to the music. Some beat their feet, and wag their heads. Presently, all the bodies begin to move. The instrumentalists wave their instruments about. The clarionet describes circles in the air. The 'cello sways to and fro, and finally spins right round in its enthusiasm. The trombones—one can easily imagine what scope for athletic performance a trombone affords, and what scope it requires.

In the midst of a song, a singer is transported into dance. He prances, he wriggles his backbone, he waves his hands and arms. It is the mere decadence of that dance which lions, zebras, and apes gazed upon from the depths of the forest, wondering what had come over their biped fellow creatures. And the songs—their subjects are the call of the woods, the longing for home and the familiar river, the passionate cry for 'Mother o' mine,' 'Mammy o' mine'—the same eternal theme of the savage song, 'I am going to my mother in the village, in the village.' No love exceeds the love of Africans for mother and home.

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That is why, in the slave islands, they face pitiless flogging and death itself in efforts to escape from the enforced blessings of civilization. 'If I were damned, body and soul, I know whose prayers would make me whole! Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine!'

African also is the delight in repetition. 'Listen to the Lambs—all a-crying!' One does not count how often the words are repeated, but it may well be seventeen times, like that chorus in the forest camp. And here again the perplexing simplicity of the Evangel seems to catch the African heart. 'Me, O Lord! Me, O Lord! not the elder or the deacon, standing in the need of prayer, but me, O Lord!' and so on through various friends and relations, with infinite repetition, always returning to 'Me, O Lord!' It was with the same personal hope that the black and naked mother and the patients in the forest hospital shouted like black stars together. A few steps farther and one would reach the frenzy of a negro 'revival,' thus described by a noble-spirited son of a negress, Mr. Burghardt Du Bois, in his *Souls of Black Folk:*

> The Frenzy or Shouting, when the Spirit of the Lord passed by, and, seizing the devotee, made him mad with supernatural joy, was the last essential of Negro religion, and the one more devoutly believed in than all the rest. It varied in expression from the silent, rapt countenance or the low murmur and moan to the mad abandon of physical fervor — the stamping, shrieking, and shouting, the rushing to and fro and wild waving of arms, the weeping and laughing, the vision and the trance.

There is one note in the American negro songs which hitherto belongs to them alone. Many of those songs are rightly called 'Sorrow Songs,' and sorrow is the natural mood of a kindly and good-tempered race overwhelmed in slavery. But there is another kind of song which promises a relief to sorrow and a happy issue out of all afflictions. When, rather more than a century ago, Baptists and Wesleyans began to move among the plantations, proclaiming that all men are equal in the sight of God, and that the gates of Heaven stand open to black as well as white, the slave owners and other Christians were glad, for to postpone the rewards of virtue to another life both soothed their consciences and kept the negroes quiet. It is true that, since equality in God's sight did not consort with slavery, the churches were put to all the ruses of a hunted fox in the effort to escape the logical consequence. But to the slaves themselves, who can exaggerate the joy of that Gospel? In the midst of hopeless toil and cruel torments, their women dishonored, their children sold from their hands, they could now dream of a happy land into which they might one day enter, wearing white raiment and golden crowns, accepted by God to sing His praises upon harps forever.

That glory of possible deliverance gives its deep pathos to the old negro song, 'I Got a Robe,' with its hardly expressible longing in the repeated chorus of 'Heaven! Heaven!' so softly sung. Beneath the Biblical words of 'Go down, Moses! Wait down in Egypt's land,' there lurks a further hope of earthly deliverance. Plantation slavery seems long ago, but the negro and the half-breed think of Chicago and of Cardiff to-day. The African thinks of his lands taken from him in South Africa and Rhodesia. He thinks of Portuguese slavery and Congo abominations, and he wonders whence deliverance is coming now.

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE DOGMA OF 'DIRECT ACTION'

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE J. M. ROBERTSON

ONLY a 'documented' history of labor movements, such as they now produce in France, will ever tell anything like the whole story of the movement for 'direct action' in the area of modern Socialism. All that the outsider can broadly discern is that it is an intelligible reaction, apparently arising in France, from the old Marxist precept of waiting for the coming Socialist majority and then scientifically reshaping society. So far from hinting at 'direct action,' the original Marxist gospel did not contemplate even a participation in any legislative measures of social reform. The faithful were simply to wait till the inevitable worsening of things under the capitalistic system brought about the 'general overturn'; whereupon, having attained their majority, the Socialists would take charge. Perhaps the Old Guard in recent years began to contemplate a consummation without a preface of social collapse; but they were still merely critics of a doomed social system.

In Germany, the double result of that attitude was, on the one hand, a revival of practical trade unionism among workers who wanted some betterment in their lifetime; and, on the other hand, a movement for practical 'palliative' action within the Socialist party proper. As a result of that policy, the Social Democrats were obtaining before the war rapidly increasing gains in the elections, many people supporting the Socialist ticket because, for one thing, it included a demand for reduced food duties. But in France, where the 'high' Marxian doctrine was never calculated to win great headway; and where the gifted and much beloved Jaurès stood for a policy of graduated progress, as against the Old Guard of Bebel, the impatient type of idealist began to cry, 'A plague o' both your houses,' and to insist that labor has at any moment the power in its hands to impose its will on the world if it will but confederate and organize. 'No more waiting for the parliamentary majority; no more patient propaganda: instead of trying to set up a Labor Ministry, dictate to the existing Ministry and the existing society the minimum of labor's demands. If they are refused, resort to the universal strike; that will compel them to surrender.' Such is, in outline, the latter-day ideal.

Obviously, the affinities of such a doctrine are with Anarchism rather than with Socialism. Anarchism, of course, had always its two wings, the 'idealist' and the 'realist,' one preaching an incredible but innocent Utopia; the other savagely planning to clear the ground for it. The title of Anarchist thus covered some of the most benign and some of the most ruthless men in the world; the one thing they had in common being a dream of a complete social disintegration, which was simply to be followed by a fresh integration. For a time the group of wreckers, like a wolf at large, sought to terrorize Europe by desperate crimes. But the wolf cannot long

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hold his own in an organized society, and Anarchism of all sorts gradually ebbed out. It is partly to that old inspiration, however, that we may ascribe the new doctrine of Direct Action, which so resembles Anarchism in respect of determination to impose a revolutionary ideal on an unprepared society, and of total unpreparedness to organize a new society, save by hand-to-mouth methods.

We are told, of course, that the party of Direct Action has a programme—a policy, to begin with, of nationalization of certain industries, such as mines and railways. But that programme is no more advanced in detail than was the Anarchist dream of a new 'archism'; and meantime the existing system is to be paralyzed by the instrument of the universal strike. To bring a society to a standstill by way of compelling it to organize at once upon new lines, is a policy of Anarchism, in the sense that that must be the result. For those, of course, who see social order and progress in the Bolshevist despotism in Russia, with its Red Guards and Chinese police, and its rapid pauperization of a vast aggregate of peoples, the new war cry may be full of promise. But we have only to conceive any committee of British Laborists and Socialists taking charge of a headlong scheme of nationalization of mines and land and railways, with an eye to speedy nationalization of everything else—we have only to conceive that experiment in order to realize how anarchy invariably follows on the violent transformation of any social system whatever. For societies subsist progressively only by means of a working agreement among the majority; and the movement of Direct Action is really the scheme of a minority who hope to effect their ends by somehow persuading or seeming to persuade a docile mass of workers to accept their leadership.

Sane Socialists have long ere this seen that their ideal is set at naught by all separatist movements which despise common legislative action. The trouble began when 'class war' became a general watchword of Socialist propaganda. Those who could not see the tragic absurdity of preaching a gospel of class hatred in the name of social solidarity were the natural raw material of Syndicalism on one hand and the movement of Direct Action on the other. A Socialist who could see that Syndicalism (with its ideal of 'Every trade for itself') was the negation of Socialism, could hardly fail to see further that Direct Action must mean only social tyranny with a difference. When an organization of workers passes from the simple ideal of Trade Unionism (under which an industrial group makes its bargains with employers in general, and looks after its legislative interests) to an ideal of collective Trade Unionism, using the general strike as an instrument not merely against the employer, but against the whole social and political system, it is proposing to pass at a stride from a kind of action which is well within the comprehension of its leaders to one that is outside their power of management. Efficient Trade Unionism is the result of generations of constant experiment, involving many ups and downs. The ideal of Direct Action means either an arbitrary combination of Trade Unions to manage a new socio-political system of which there has been no experience, or a chronic convulsion by means of which a sacred legislature is to carry out orders for which it has no plans.

Now, if the advocates of Direct Action have any real faith in the

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principle of government by majorities, they must recognize that if there really exists a majority of workers desiring a new social system, that majority can give effect to its wishes at the polls. In that fashion the new plan, whatever it is, can be canvassed before the whole electorate; and the workers, who constitute the majority of both sexes, can elect the men whose programme satisfies them. To propose Direct Action instead of that method of national propaganda and open parliamentary action is to reveal a belief that the majority of the workers do *not* desire the particular measures which the advocates of Direct Action propose. There is only one inference. The 'Actionists' (to use a convenient name for them) believe that they can secure majority votes in the trade organizations where they could not secure parliamentary majorities in the constituencies. That is to say, the vote to be obtained in the trade organizations does not really represent the deliberate choice even of the majority of the workers, to say nothing of the millions whom the Actionists dismiss from consideration as bourgeois. It represents only a manipulation of the workers' votes by a minority who zealously work the 'machine' while the majority of the workers let the matter alone. The end of Direct Action, then, will be a mere Directorate of labor leaders who for the time being hold power like so many Tammany Bosses, and who can dictate a policy only so long as they are able to combine upon one.

For the mass of the workers there is no more safety or stability in such a policy than there is for the rest of society. Labor solidarity, like the solidarity of any other aggregate, depends on the general conviction that the general interest is being preserved. Any Labor Directorate which might attain either virtual or actual political power as a result of Direct Action would have to satisfy the demands of every labor section, as manipulated by its special leaders, who would insist that Direct Action must work out to their group interest as they interpreted it. The spirit which revealed itself as Syndicalism is latent in every labor section which has been led to accept Direct Action as the means of forcing the will of so-called labor on the nation. And labor leaders are at least as ready as any other politicians to subordinate their policy to their personal ambitions and their personal antagonisms.

There are men in the rank and file of the Direct Action movement who perfectly realize that their delegates may work more for their personal advancement than for the interest of their supporters; and they meet such criticisms as the foregoing by saying that disloyal delegates can be superseded. But even that optimism recognizes that every attempt at separatist control of the nation's destinies involves endless risks of individual self-assertion, which make possible the ascendancy of the most unscrupulous when they know how to 'swing' the opinion of the mass in their favor. It is a strange form of credulity that relies on a perfect operation of good faith and good sense within the covered area of a labor organization, while refusing to accept the open electoral system on the score of its being controlled by sinister interests.

True, the open electoral system means the frequent deference of multitudes of electors to policies of self-interest and class-interest, to wire-pullers and to clap-trap. But is not that very fact the proof that the mass is still capable of being misled? And

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does it give any ground for the belief that the device of Direct Action will secure the adoption of only wise policies? There is this saving difference between the parliamentary system and the ideal of Direct Action, that under the former disputes must be thrashed out in the open among men representing many if not all points of view; and that thus every policy must run the gauntlet of criticism. True, the majority may vote against the weight of the evidence. But at least the evidence is published, and in time it carries the day. Under the parliamentary system it is generally possible for the individual elector to know the merits of a case if he will take the trouble. But under a system of Direct Action the acting Directorate would never know the arguments against their plan until they had forced its acceptance. Thus far, there has been no adequate general criticism of any one of the schemes for which Direct Action is proposed to be taken.

If there is to be any good future for either labor or the nation (which we are now being taught to regard as different things) it will be by way of loyalty to the system of representative government for which labor a generation ago strove with its whole heart. The advice to abandon or supersede that system because it has not yet yielded all the well-being that was hoped from it is the advice of men seeking not so much the general well-being as their own advancement, though many doubtless associate the two ends by force of habit. Whatever be their ideals, they are laboring to set up, not the sovereignty of the people, but a state within the state. And what is disloyalty to the principle of democracy will never work out as loyalty to labor.

Everyman

THE SOVIET NATIONALIZATION MECHANISM

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE ECONOMIST

SIR: Your number of July 26 contains an article from a Copenhagen correspondent describing in a very favorable light the work of the Soviet authorities in connection with the nationalization of industry.

The author dwells in detail on the scheme of this work, but gives scarcely any figures which would allow one to judge how a nationalized industry actually works in practice, rather than dealing with paper results. Allow me to cite from the abundant material taken from official Soviet publications, actual facts which illustrate the state of things as they really are.

First of all, I wish to point out that the author's statement that the workmen 'of their own accord' seized factories, workshops, etc., after the November's revolution, is incorrect.

The workmen's control (embracing all the functions of factory undertakings) was introduced by the detailed decree of the Soviet of People's Commissaries of November 14, 1917—that is, a week after the *coup d'état*. The decree provided for the factory committees, the local Soviets of workmen's control with the participation of the trade union representatives, those of factory committees, etc., the provincial and all-Russia congresses of these Soviets.

In short, a well-thought-out scheme of workmen's control was then drawn up. The proprietors were not entirely removed from participation in the work of the concerns, but their rôle was confined to that of a clerk under the factory committees. The result was complete anarchy in production, a fall

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in output, and the economic bankruptcy of the enterprises.

Gradually the Soviet authorities began to replace this scheme by a centralized organization for separate branches of all departments of production, and at the same time gradually replaced 'workmen's control' by nationalization — that is, substituting the state for the workmen as masters of industry. This process of state organization of public economy was in its main features completed in the course of 1918. A whole system of local and central bodies was established controlling separate branches of industry, such as, for instance, Centrotextile, Centrosugar, Centronaphtha, Centrotea, etc. A body called the Supreme Soviet of Public Economy was placed at the head of the entire structure.

Thus the state became the sole employer, and the whole laboring class was in its pay. The importance of the labor committees in the management of the factories dropped into the background. The organization of the production and the distribution of the products fell to the share of the Soviets of public economy, and at the head of the management in separate factories we see gradually placed hired 'experts' with almost dictatorial powers.

Lenine, in his pamphlet *The Direct Tasks of the Soviet Power*, advocates this measure in great detail, although he admits that it is a recoil from the standpoint of Socialism.

What are, then, the results of nationalized industry?

First of all we must indicate the unheard-of increase of staffs of employees in the administrative bodies. For instance, in Centrotextile alone there were 6,000 employees according to the records of the official revision in 1918. The average number of papers — that is, letters, inquiries — coming in was 500 a day, with 207 sent out. Each secretary had to deal in the average with 10 papers coming in and four sent out per day; each typewriter with two papers sent out per day, and so on. One can easily see to what an unproductive expenditure of money that kind of organization leads.

Neither is the matter any better in the purely economic sense. For the second half of 1918 the Centrotextile advanced sums to the amount of 1,348,619,000 rubles for the manufacture of textiles, and yet goods only to the amount of 143,716,000 rubles have been produced, namely, scarcely over 10 per cent.

The same may certainly be seen in the other 'Centros.'

I am not going to quote figures regarding the reduction of the production, the closing of a whole series of enterprises, and the reduction of the total number of workmen, because it may be argued that these events may not only be the result of the economic policy of 'nationalization,' but may be the effect of such external causes as, for instance, shortage of raw materials, fuel, etc. I shall only mention that these events have reached quite terrific dimensions.

I would like now to draw attention to some points directly connected with the economic policy of the Bolsheviki.

Payment for labor has grown beyond all measure, and has lost all bearing with purely business expenses and the productivity of labor. Thus, for instance, the outlays for the payment of labor and administration in the second half of 1918 grew, in the average, as against those of the first half of the year by 300 per cent, whereas, the purely business outlays have only increased by 50 per cent on the whole (Isvestia of the State Control, No. 1).

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According to the latest information (July, 1919), a workman receives 6,000 rubles a month, although the highest pay according to Soviet decree is 3,000 rubles. This decree, however, is got over by the introduction of a curious system of piecework pay. A certain article requires three hours' time to be made, the factory administration fixes a six hours' time for it, and the workman receives double pay as a premium for double work.

The fall of the productivity of work is shown by the following instances, taken from the report of the Special Commission (January, 1919).

In the Moscow railway workshops the number of workmen in 1916 was 1,192; in 1917, 1,179; in 1918, 1,772 — namely, it has increased by 50 per cent. The number of workmen's off-days and holidays is ever growing, making in 1916, 6 per cent; in 1917, 12 per cent, and in 1918, 39.5 per cent. To each railway car which had left the workshop there was estimated as having been employed in making it in 1916 0.44 men, in 1917 13.2, in 1918 41.5.

The Commission believes the reason for the fall of labor productivity to be in the difficulties encountered in the food supply, in their curious conception of what 'freedom' meant, in their irresponsibility, careless indifference, in their leaving work to join various committees, etc.

The fall of labor productivity in the collieries is as follows:

The normal amount of work of one man per month is 750 poods (at 36 pounds), in 1916 it was 614 poods, in 1917 448 poods, and in 1918 it fell to 242 poods.

The value of articles manufactured by one-workman per day (estimated at an eight-hour labor day and the prices counted on the standard of 1916) was as follows: In 1916, 100 per cent; in 1917, 75 per cent; in 1918, 40 per cent.

Similar events are noted in the textile, cotton, cloth, and other branches of industry. The fall in the labor productivity is equal to 20-68 per cent. Just as fruitless and destructive turned out to be their attempts regarding the nationalization of trade, banks, and their agrarian policy.

As a result, nationalized industry gave after the first half of 1919 a deficit of 5,000,000,000 rubles — that is, 44.5 per cent of its budget (11,000,000,000 rubles), and the railways 4,000,000,000 deficit out of the 5,000,000,000 of its budget (see the *Westminster Gazette* of July 30, 1919).

From these eloquent figures it is clearly seen that the technical and commercial side of nationalization is in a hopelessly pitiful state.

Have the interests of labor been satisfied? Not a bit. The workmen have no share in the management of the production; their economic condition has in no wise improved in spite of the colossal rise in pay, but is infinitely worse owing to the great shortage of articles of first necessity at the markets and the impossible rates for any commodities, all of which are due to the facts given above. Out-of-work is growing, and in Petrograd only 20,000 skilled workmen remain out of a total of several hundred thousand. It may be said that almost the only factories working are those engaged on war work. No wonder then that the strikes and labor agitations do not cease; the Soviet power which is now the employer cannot suffer the harming of its interests, and by using punitive measures suppresses discontent with unheard-of cruelty. Remember the strikes at the beginning of summer at the Poutilov, Obukhov, and other factories. The recent strike (July, 1919) in the loco-

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motive depots of the Nicholas Railway in Petrograd has cost the workmen several scores of killed and wounded. In general, it may be said that the labor class as such is vanishing in Russia.

There remains a third point from which to view nationalization, namely, the social-political one. Here the Soviet power has undoubtedly achieved successes if we regard the complete mastery of the situation by the party of Bolsheviki as such.

'Nationalization,' as commissary Rykov confessed at the congress of the Soviets of public economy 'was effected independently of the questions of supply, of economic considerations, but aimed exclusively at a direct fight with the bourgeoisie.'

Commissary Milutin says: 'Nationalization bore a punitive character.'

But nationalization was also effected against the will of the workmen. A member of the Supreme Soviet of public economy, Gostiev, says:

'I must laugh when they speak of a bourgeois sabotage. . . . We have a national, people's, and proletarian sabotage. We are met with enormous opposition from the labor masses when we start standardizing.'

The result was 'a complete disorganization of the enterprises and the absence of any productive discipline.'

Hence the Bolshevist leaders saw very well that from the economic standpoint nationalization would lead not to the improvement and development of the productive forces of the country, but to their decline. True, however, to the doctrine that an elected minority should rule over the humbly following masses, they knew that in seizing the country's economy they would be the unlimited masters of the situation. At present it is important for them to keep this position at all costs, until a revolution will break out in the other countries.

What is going on now in Russia is not the dictatorship of the proletariat, but the dictatorship over the proletariat. There are at each factory small groups of Communists. They are armed, are always there, and in many cases they even live at the factories, watching over all the movements of the workmen. The elections to the factory committees and Soviets of workmen delegates are effected under their control and pressure. The factories are guarded by armed forces. Those factories which refuse to elect candidates indicated from above are threatened with reprisals and even with the factory being closed down. In the Soviet of workmen's delegates no debates or discussions on decrees or projects of law are allowed. They must be accepted without objections, on the instructions of the Commissaries.

It is natural that by holding the whole economic machinery of the country the Bolsheviki are keeping the laboring masses in submission. Consequently, nationalization, as carried out in Soviet Russia, is a purely political act. From the economic point of view it proved a complete failure, and led not to the emancipation of labor, but to the enslavement and suppression of freedom of the individual. Yours, etc.,

I. V. ISAIEV, *Professor*.

The Economist

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TALK OF EUROPE

READERS of *Madame Bovary* will hear with interest that the château of La Huchette has been put up for sale. In few novels are to be found so many real persons, places, and incidents, disguised thinly or not at all, as in Flaubert's masterpiece. Emma Bovary and that tragic figure, her husband, and the provincial *roué*, Rodolphe Boulanger, actually lived and died in this Normandy district. Old inhabitants can identify the prototypes of Homais, the garrulous and opinionated apothecary, Hivert the carrier, and *la mère* Lefrançois, the *aubergiste*. The picturesque château itself, on the road from Rouen to Gournay, is still the same as it appears in Flaubert's pages, except that the garden pavilion where Emma first met Rodolphe clandestinely is stripped of all its furniture and bears only a faded vestige of wall paper depicting hunting scenes.

A NUMBER of well-known temperance workers in Great Britain have just returned from a visit to the United States, and have united in giving some of their impressions in the form of a letter to the *Westminster Gazette*. They sum up the result of their investigations thus: 'We could discover no evidence of any appreciable body of public opinion which asks for a return to the old conditions. The new generation growing up in the thirty-two states which have State Prohibition Laws is a generation free from the alcohol habit, and, in consequence, is healthier, happier, and more prosperous.' They conclude by saying: 'On return to England we are impressed with the distressing contrast between the decision of America on the eve of reconstruction to extend prohibition to the whole republic, and the obvious tendency in our own country to abandon those restrictions on the drink traffic which so notably diminished alcoholism in England and increased efficiency during the period of the war.'

HERE are two epitaphs for fighting men from Kentish churches. The first, a seaman's, is from St. Peter and St. Paul's, at Bromley:

'Blow, Borrions, Blow,
Let Neptune's Billows rore.
Here lies a saylor, landed safe on shore.
Tho' Neptune's waves have tost him too and fro,
By God's decree he lies ancored here below.
Heare he lies amist the fleet,
Waiting orders Admiral Christ to meat.'

The second, the *ave atque vale* of a veteran of the Civil War, is from St. Mary's, Eltham:

'A captaine captive here doth lye perdu
Untill his general shall his force renew
To face his foes then he for servis past
Shall have a crown yt will forever last
Follow your leader sirs to the gates of death
Preserve your honour though you lose yr breath.'

There is a rude felicity about these compositions graven in time-worn stone which makes them curiously effective.

OF all the German military leaders who have attempted to vindicate their conduct during the war, Marshal Hindenburg comes through the ordeal in the most favorable light. He has neither whined nor excused himself. In a recent interview, he said: 'I am an old man and a soldier. As such I shall take what the fates mete out to me.' It has been fairly said of the old marshal that 'he took his medicine like a soldier, and remained in the army after the revolution, to contribute what he could toward preventing complete collapse and chaos and to keep Bolshevism at a distance. He remains to-day the most respected figure in democratized Germany, and the world may be disposed to look more leniently on this rugged veteran, broken but proud in defeat, than upon his more sophisticated colleagues. Hindenburg is a soldier first and last, and he has a soldier's vision of the future. He has no illusions

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about the abolition of war. 'Only dreamers believe that,' he is reported to have said, and 'no great people will ever submit questions of national honor and national existence to a tribunal of other peoples or accept an unjust judgment dictated by interests or might without a test of strength.' That undoubted fact sums up the weakness of the League of Nations idea.

WRITING on 'Makers of Famous Words and Phrases,' a contributor to *John o' London's Weekly* remarks that every field of human thought and action is rich in these linguistic inventions, and to each of them belongs a story more or less interesting. On account of its progressive character, science, in its several branches, furnishes a large number. Darwin, of course, gave us 'the survival of the fittest,' and 'natural selection.' Huxley, a facile coiner, created the well-known 'agnostic.' The late F. W. H. Myers evolved that phrase figuring so much in present-day spiritualistic controversies, to wit, the 'subliminal self,' which Dr. Carpenter long before had named 'unconscious cerebration.' The popular phrase in socialistic literature — namely, 'the equality of opportunity,' was the coinage of the late Benjamin Kidd.

As to the wide field of literature, one or two examples must suffice. Matthew Arnold has been called the apostle of 'sweetness and light.' In the popular mind he is credited with the authorship of that phrase. He, of course, gave it popularity, but the true author was Swift, and it occurs in *The Battle of the Books*, and Arnold has acknowledged the fact. But to Arnold is due the English currency of the term 'Philistinism,' though he probably borrowed it from the Germans. Journalists are busy makers of new words and phrases, and here I give but one instance. It was Charles Hands who invented 'Suffragette' in the days when that lady was somewhat notorious.

Political language bristles with famous phrases. Edmund Burke gave us 'men of light and leading'; and Lord Broughham 'measures, not men.' The 'Cave of Adullam' is John Bright's, and 'the classes and the masses,' Gladstone's. Lord Salisbury originated 'organized hypocrisy,' and Joseph Chamberlain exhorted us 'to think imperially.' It was Lord Rosebery who spoke of England as 'the predominant partner,' and of 'ploughing the lonely furrow.'

Coming nearer to our own times, we have Mr. Churchill's definition of a lie, that is, 'a terminological inexactitude'; Mr. Asquith's 'wait and see'; and the premier's 'rare refreshing fruit' and 'silver bullets.'

AN important addition was recently made to the many great art collections of Paris when the Rodin Museum was formally opened for public use. Rodin, it will be remembered, by his will left to the state the large collection of his own works, ancient furniture, specimens of Oriental art, and other artistic treasures that were in his possession at the time of his death. The legacy was gratefully accepted by the government, and it was decided that no better place could be found for their display than the Hotel Biron, one of the most famous of family mansions of the old Faubourg St. Germain, which is now national property.

It was at the Hotel Biron that Rodin did much of his later work, and it was there and at his home at Meudon, just outside Paris, that practically the whole of his artistic possessions were when he died. The spacious rooms of the Hotel Biron form an ideal permanent home for Rodin's collection. Under the care of M. Bénédite, of the Luxembourg Museum, who is also Curator of the new Rodin Museum, the sculptor's treasures have been displayed to superb effect. The finest antiques in his collection have been placed in the vestibule, and above the great staircase is hung a fine Gobelins tapestry entitled 'La Colère d'Achille.' Scattered through the ground-floor rooms, with their tall carved doorways and windows, are many of the best of the sculptor's marble pieces, which find in these noble chambers frames that are worthy of them. All the rooms of the first floor are similarly arranged with works in marble and bronze by Rodin himself, with the exception of one room where are placed the remainder of his collection of antiques. In the chapel of the mansion have been assembled plaster studies of Rodin's more important works, such as 'Les Bourgeois

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de Calais,' 'La Porte d'Enfer,' and other celebrated productions whose originals adorn provincial and foreign cities.

The inaugural ceremony was performed by M. Lafferre, Minister of Education and Fine Arts, and recently the museum was opened to the public. The price of admission has been fixed at one franc on week days, but on Sundays no charge will be made. The remainder of Rodin's collections, which will remain at the Villa des Brillants, his home at Meudon, have not yet been arranged, but it is hoped that these will be ready for public inspection during the coming months.

DURING the last two terms, Oxford has been busily engaged in picking up the stitches unraveled by the ruthless hand of war. The last four years have constituted an unprecedented break in her history, for the undergraduate population shrank to a mere handful, and those mostly invalids and Indians; colleges were invaded by cadet battalions; the porter's lodge became the guard-room; the abodes of the Dons were labeled 'Officers' Quarters'; booksellers went bankrupt, and tailors and sock-and-necktie specialists barely avoided a similar fate. Tradesmen still shake their heads gloomily at the thought of the bad days, though with the keen commercial instinct of their kind, they appear already to be well on the road to a renewed prosperity.

After the armistice, the tide of Oxford's military population began to ebb, and in January there came a great inrush of undergraduates anxious to make up for lost time, and most of them newly demobilized; the end of April found most colleges almost filled, and it is prophesied that next term Oxford will be overflowing. There are some curious anomalies to be found there nowadays; undergraduates who have been majors and colonels are a common enough feature, but at one college there is actually a brigadier; with what fascinating speculations this provides us! Can a general be 'progged'? Does this one do his 'rollers' regularly? and if not, has the dean the face to send for him and say, 'I am afraid, General Blank, that this means a fine of two-and-sixpence?' Then there is the R.A.F. captain, who has returned to his pre-war work of 'Scout'; how does he relish his change of status?

But it is not only the British army that has contributed to the new population of the colleges; some two hundred American officers were quartered among us for a time, and only left at the end of June; it was a splendid opportunity for cementing the newly-founded friendship between the two countries, and it is satisfactory that the authorities seized it. Living the lives of ordinary undergraduates, the 'Yanks' very soon dispelled the stupid and mistaken ideas that English people have held concerning them for so long; we were agreeably surprised to find that they were not addicted to chewing and spitting, nor did they hold exaggerated notions of America's importance; on the contrary, they lavished praise on English institutions in general, and Oxford ones in particular, in a most gratifying manner; also they diverted us with baseball matches, and those strange cries and noises that seem inseparable from the game.

The usual Oxford sports flourished once more last term, but the Oxford and Cambridge boat race will not be rowed until next year. Eights Week, too, did not attract the pre-war crowd of visitors, although the ceremony of conferring degrees on the Allied commanders gave an historic lustre to this year's 'Commen.'

The new race of undergraduates started off in a most serious spirit.

UNIVERSITY circles in England are greatly interested in the outcome of a matter which at present is occupying the attention of Britain's two most famous seats of learning. The University of Cambridge has applied to the government for grants on a larger and more comprehensive scale than those which hitherto she has received. Oxford has made a limited application of the same kind, and the government's reply here, as at Cambridge, has raised an issue of extreme interest and very great importance. The government is quite willing to accede to the requests of the universities, but it imposes a condition which makes it not at all certain that its grants will be accepted. This condition consists in

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the institution of a 'comprehensive inquiry into the whole resources of the university and its colleges, and into the use being made of them.' That Oxford should even consider the idea of 'a comprehensive inquiry' into the innermost recesses of her treasury is further evidence of the fact that the world spirit of revolution has not left even the universities uninspired. Some months ago Trinity College, Dublin, startled the academic world by the sudden announcement that she had done away with the old system of electing Fellows, and now there are prospects of government auditors inspecting the accounts of what, perhaps, is the most conservative university in the world. The three sister universities of the United Kingdom have always been, to a great extent, self-supporting, and have derived their wealth mainly from endowments and private sources. State assistance never has played a great part in their development. Since the war, however, the relations between the state and the universities all over the Kingdom have become closer. The scheme for the opening of courses to demobilized officers and men of His Majesty's Forces was made possible only by their intimate coöperation, and the good results which already have accrued encourage the thought that in the future state and university may work in even closer union. Much as some of us may regret its passing, the old spirit of 'aloofness' and sequestered isolation is beginning to disappear from our great universities. Should they decide to accept the government's offer, and subject their accounts to the merciless scrutiny of official accuracy, we have no doubt that many old privileges would suffer, but the universities, as a whole, would not lose by the innovation. The wealth controlled by the great universities is large, but very unevenly distributed; and, while individual colleges may be extremely rich, the university, as such, as well as less fortunate colleges, may be badly in need of money. An official inquiry, followed by judicious grants, would do much to bring about a more even distribution, and there is little doubt that the universities and the whole nation would benefit in consequence. University education has ceased to be a privilege; it has become almost a necessity, and our universities are destined to play a greater part in the life of the state in future than ever before. For that reason it is essential that the bonds between state and university should be strengthened in order that the nation may be better fitted to cope with the huge tasks which lie ahead.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Frank Dilnot, author and journalist, has long been a student of Anglo-American relations.

* * *

Holbrook Jackson, poet and essayist, is the editor of *To-day*.

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Paul Henry is one of the younger group of Irish Nationalists.

J. H. Rosny is a French novelist of much distinction. His studies of social subjects in particular have been praised.

* * *

Lytton Strachey is the author of *Eminent Victorians*.

* * *

Sir Sidney Colvin, artist, critic, and author, will be remembered by many as the biographer of Keats and Stevenson.

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THE WEE GOOD PEOPLE OF THE HILLS

BY ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE

I sot a couple o' score o' gins
For to catch moles, an' dress the skins;
Between the farmers and the shops,
For sellin' skins an' savin' crops,
Just one an' fippence I could make
By every mortal mole I'd take.

I sot the snare for every one
Within the openin' of the run:
The tunneled halls an' branchin' paths
Put me in mind of fairy raths: —
'Bad cess!' laughs I, 'to them that kills
The wee Good People of these Hills!'

I sot the traps at dusty noon,
An' found 'em by an orange moon.
The corncrake rottled in the grass;
I heard a squeakin' weasel pass.
I stirred the campion's scented breath;
The sleepin' poppies smelt o' Death.

I took the snare, an' raised the spring,
An' loosed the decent furry Thing;
For, though I seen dead moles galore,
I never seen one close before.
An' in me fingers, stained with clay,
The craythur's little fingers lay: —
God! — you would fancy they could play
The pipes that led the sowls asthray!
Ah, wirra! I could take no pay
For trappin' baby-hands that way!

Small blame to them that call me quare! —
All in the clover-scented air,
I gave each mole a funer'l, where
He raised his own unthinkin' mound
To be his private buryin'-ground.
Maybe, 't was makin' mountains out
Of mole-heaps, as I've read about,
But since them little Christian hands
Lay in me own — I understands
In me own mind — them furry moles
Must have good Christian little souls!

The Westminster Gazette

AFTERMATH

(JULY 19TH)

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Have you forgotten yet?
For the world's events have rumbled on, since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you 're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same — and war 's a bloody game.
Have you forgotten yet?
Look down, and swear by the slain of the war that you 'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz —
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench —
And dawn coming, dirty white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, 'Is it all going to happen again?'

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack —
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads — those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?
Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you 'll never forget.

The Nation

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